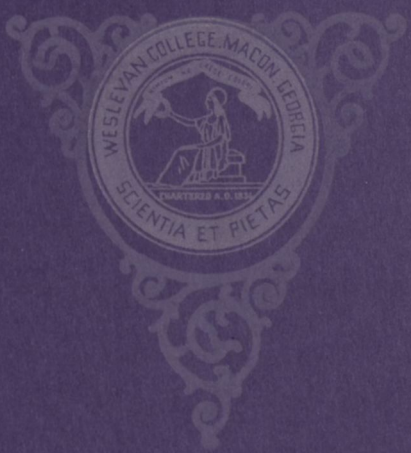
THE WESLEYAN

Visions Number

May 1928



THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Foreword

"GHOSTS—ghosts are but memories, shadows of the past, and Visions are the shadows of the future."

Just as the first Wesleyan Magazine for this year was dedicated to the shadows of the past, the glory of Old Wesleyan, so this last, May Number, looks forward to the Vision of a Greater Wesleyan which lies ahead of us for next year, and all the years to come.

Both the old and new staff together dedicate this number to that Greater Wesleyan and to the man who has worked to make the dream of it come true.

This May number is the farewell of the old staff to the Wesleyan we have known, and the greeting from the new staff to the newer Wesleyan.

Introducing the New Staff

1928-1929

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The Wesleyan College of Tomorrow

BY DR. WILLIAM F. QUILLIAN

HISTORIC Wesleyan, with ninety-two years of splendid traditions, will soon occupy the new plant of twelve imposing buildings on the beautiful spacious campus of 170 acres in the immediate suburbs of Macon.

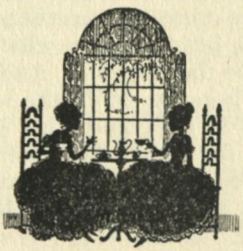
The buildings are fireproof, and every provision is made for the safety and comfort of the students.

The plant also includes the Candler Memorial Library, planned to house 50,000 volumes, the Tate Language Hall, Science Hall, Gymnasium, and Power Plant. Adequate provision is made for all outdoor sports. A beautiful natural lake covering three acres will be developed on the campus.

The standards and faculty of Wesleyan have made it one of the outstanding academic institutions for women. This year in all departments 650 students are in attendance, and the largest graduating class in the history of the institution will be sent forth at the approaching Commencement. Adequate provision has been made for music and the fine arts in the new college buildings.

The present plant, having six imposing buildings, will be used exclusively for the Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Arts. A faculty of highly trained artists under the direction of Prof. Joseph Maerz will carry forward the work of this institution. The institution is prepared to accept four hundred boarding students in the college and three hundred in the conservatory.

The rates for board and tutition have not been materially advanced and are considerably lower than those of other standard colleges in the East and Southeast. The fact that a number of distinguished educators and leaders in public thought choose Wesleyan as the college of their daughters is an evidence of the high esteem in which the institution is held. Wesleyan students come out of the best homes of the country and find here a congenial atmosphere.



EDITORIAL

The Seniors

SO much has been said and written on Greater Wesleyan that it takes either a very bold writer, a very enthusiastic student, or a very stupid novice to dare tackle the subject again. I am all three. It is almost as difficult to write with originality on Greater Wesleyan now as it would be to add another to the long list of Odes to Spring or Descriptions of a Sunset.

There is so much more in this great new college than can be seen in the splendid buildings (with their loggias and curved ceilings) and vast campus. In our enthusiasm over the beauty of Rivoli we often forget the practical advantages which this college brings to us. The moving from the old site to the new may be said to mark a transition from Wesleyan, a Georgia school, to Wesleyan, an American school. It is another example of the outgrown shell left by life's unresting sea!

They tell us that our diplomas will enhance in value as this college grows, and we of material minds begin to think of the sheepskin in terms of stocks and bonds. And well we may! It is indeed to be interpreted in the terms of "shares."

Though a great step in growth has been taken by the college in building the Greater Wesleyan, the slower advancement which must follow depends largely on the work of the holders of the shares. If we would have our diplomas grow in value, each of these seniors who are leaving must give of herself, her interests, her money, and her time toward the development of Wesleyan. We must stand with the college back of our "shares."

A Romulus

BY BERNICE BASSETT

CENTURIES ago there were two brothers. One of them looked into the future and saw a beautiful city which would rule the world, and of which he would be the founder. And with all the eagerness of an ambitious youth he began to build the wall for the city he was planning. His brother laughed at him, and with scornful words, jumped over the wall. Remus was killed for his mockery, and indeed why should he have lived? He had no visions, could see nothing of the wonderful city that his brother saw inclosed within this very wall. All he could see was a foolish waste of time and an absurdly useless wall, not even large enough to obstruct his steps.

Everyone in this world today is a counterpart of one of these two brothers—either a Remus, seeing only the pettiness of the immediate present, or a Romulus, building on and on until his visions have materialized.

It was a Romulus who laid the first Atlantic cable, a Remus who scoffed at him. It was a Romulus who founded the first public library, who built the first aeroplane, and who invented the x-ray, and in each case there was a Remus—a world of Remus'—who laughed.

Fortunately for our civilization, there are few today who are not visionary—who cannot, or will not, look beyond the routine of everyday life. These people cannot survive—machinery, or ornaments as the case may be, are taking their places. It is only a Romulus who can really live.

More Escapading

BY VIVIAN PINSON



O you fairly writhe under the restricting hand of custom? Do you hear the call of the unknown—to escape—to adventure? Do you grow rebellious at the monotony of your life, and feel that the world might be yours if only—? Are your friends prosaic, practical, and maddeningly satisfied? Are you sorry for yourself?

If nature has so blessed you—and it is a blessing to feel the crying need, and to have it satisfied—you are one of the fortunate. Congratulate yourself. Wrap your self-pity in a cloth of midnight black, lest someone see it, and having weighted it down, drop it in mid-ocean. (This ocean may be only the other fellow's mill pond, but it is your ocean if you like.)

Then don your coat of mail quickly. Others may see only your last year's coat—poor fools they, that they do not know that you are in a spotless suit of armor, gift of a championed lord!

Fare forth eagerly in search of adventure—traverse the four corners of the earth. People may call you city-bound. They cannot see that a world that is broad and wide lies within that city—they are blind.

You will find a fellow knight held by a dragon in a castle with iron-barred windows. The dragon is strong. Perhaps you cannot kill the monster but you may heal the hurt in the fellow knight's heart. You can slip beneath his window and bring him love and sympathy, and, sooner or later, escape. (They say old Hobbs was a dreamer once but family need put him in the bank and kept him there. Now he is old. Queer old man—nobody seems to understand him.)

There is a princess, too, with blood of royal red, who is daily looking from her lonely cottage for a knight to free her from the evil spell of a wicked sorcerer. (Little Emily tends the fruit stand on the corner. Her large dark eyes are pleading for a chance in life—an escape from poverty and ignorance.)

What if your feet may never touch the cobbled streets of old Shanghai? What if you may never drift along the rippling thoroughfares of lovely Venice, or touch the dusty sides of Egypt's sphinx?

Come, "Turn your noose to tight-rope use, and madly dance upon it."

Traditions

By WINNIE JONES

ALMOST a century ago, when Wesleyan first opened her doors to those dainty maidens of the Old south, who dared to break tradition and venture into the intricate maze of knowledge, forbidden to any except the youthful cavaliers with love songs on their lips and lovelight in their eyes, new and strange traditions, like misty ghosts, appeared to haunt the halls of Wesleyan.

Long ago, these first daughters, with billowy skirts daintily uplifted to show the merest wisp of lace and the smallest of slippers, with quaint poke-bonnets and bobbing curls, were lifted from lumbering carriages and coaxed behind high brick walls to gain their first taste of college life. They must have been fearfully distrustful of knowledge, but they swept proudly down the long halls, followed by little, black maids, piled high with brightly-flowered hat-bags tied with soft, satin ribbons and bulky boxes, containing the precious hoop skirts. And the ghosts grew brighter and took on a more definite shape.

Now, the new Wesleyan girl, in audaciously high heels, boyish dress, and modern ways, perhaps, enters Wesleyan halls for the first time, laden down with numberless bags and odd-shaped objects—tennis racquets and banjos. In a few more years, she leaves Wesleyan, as wholesomely modern as she was the day on which she entered, but with a misty reverence and a tender spot in her heart for the Wesleyan that thousands of others have loved before her.

In the years that are to come, when Wesleyan traditions troop down from the college on the hill, when they leave the memory-filled halls of their old birthplace and appear in the joyous whirl of a new campus, there will still be foremost the tradition of traditions, the Wesleyan Spirit, to touch tender girlish hearts and leave a lasting impression of service and love.

What Voice?

BY LILLIAN SHEAROUSE

In a short twilight sleep
I dreamed a dream—
I heard a sound, unearthly sad,
A sound unearthly sweet,—
A single strain sent upward from the deep,
The time-dimmed gulf on things unknown, unseen;
A sound
That once in every eon floats
Within the bounds of earth and rings
A moment in some dreamer's ears,—
So weird, so wild, that he starts up amazed,
And sleeps no more save that amid the mists
And hush of dreams,
List'ning he waits, and longs
To hear again.

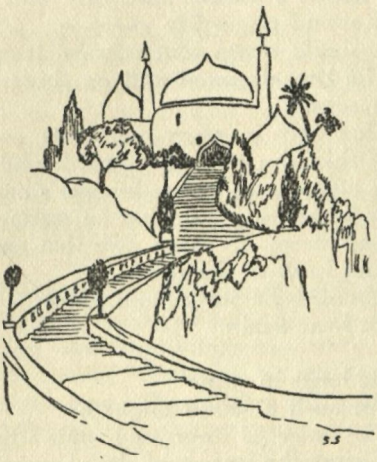
He longs in vain:
For such a sound might be
The voice of uncreated souls who cry
'Gainst the unrest of dread mortality;
Or such the call
Of Death, who from his silences,
Who from his empty, dreary darkness, cries
Across the world to Love,
To come but once,
And lay her cool white fingers on his eyes,
Dust-blinded,—
Or to whisper in his ear
As she has whispered in the ear of Life.
So Death might call.

Ransom for Miguel

Ransom for Rodrigo is based closely on the colorful adventures of Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra, the greatest of all Spanish writers, during his imprisonment and servitude under the Moors in Algiers. Elim is the only imaginary character. The background is historical, the romance is imagined.

"Hast thou thy knapsack ready?"

The soft low tones of a woman's voice broke the silence of the Algerian night. Two figures appeared dimly outlined against the tents of Hassan Pasha, a man tall and slender, a woman shrouded with the heavy draperies customary for Moorish women.



The night was still and the full moon was hidden by ominous clouds. A sudden change in the clouds, and the moon appeared yellow and clear, flooding the tents and the white sands with light. Hastily the woman dropped the hand of the man, and withdrew into the doorway of the tent. The veil about her face did not hide the tragic sorrow in her great brown eyes as she gave one last glance at the half-clad slave who stood before her.

"It is ready, Elim," the man whispered back to her, glancing uneasily around as he spoke.

"And thou art going, Miguel? Back to thy Spain? Elim will not forget thee!"

Scarcely hearing her words the man turned away. "Goodbye, Elim," and suddenly turning back to her he added more softly. "Thou hast made my life here more bearable. When I am among my own people I will remember thee. I will tell them of thee . . . " and leaving the words unfinished he slipped away.

As the moon stole once again behind the clouds, leaving the place in darkness more intense, no movement could be seen at the tent doorway. Only the dim outline of a woman, still and alone.

"Oran first — then Spain. It is sixty leagues to Oran. Perhaps . . . ," but the whisper died on her lips.

* * *

"Rodrigo! Hermano!"

A man, browned by the months of scorching Algerian sun, girded with the slight garments of a slave, dragged himself through the thicket on hands and knees, groaning at every movement. He did not notice the briars scratching his face and legs, and tearing the cloth about his lions. As he emerged from the thicket into the cleared space the sun beat down on his head with appalling heat. In the sun lay the exhausted form of another man, slighter and less browned than the first. His hand lay across his eyes as if to shield them from the relentless heat of the sun. His body had an oily shine as he wallowed in the glistening white sand.

As the older man reached the clearing he seemed to gain strength, and painfully clutching at the last wiry stubble, he dragged himself to a half-standing position and staggered toward the prostrate man. As he reached the

younger man's side he dropped in the sand beside him and began shaking him by the shoulders and calling him again by name.

Rodrigo's eyes opened and turned listlessly toward the man leaning over him. In an instant they were closed again, but the whispered "Miguel!" which died on his lips, encouraged the older man to continue. "Hermano! My brother! He is gone! The heathen dog has deserted us and stolen our bread. We are lost. Do you hear? Lost!" and he dragged Rodrigo to a sitting position.

Rodrigo's head fell over against Miguel's shoulder, but his eyes opened again, and slowly, the dazed expression gave way to one of fear. As the realization of his brother's words broke upon him, the young man stammered, "The moor has left us? Do you mean we cannot get to Oran? But the boat is waiting for us! Miguel!" Terror shone in his eyes.

"How can we go without a guide?" Miguel replied. "The coast is strange to us. What do slaves know of this country? And our food is gone. It is sixty leagues to Oran, and we know not where the city lies!"

Looking about him, Rodrigo saw only the waste of thicket and stubble, to the right, and to the left, only the white sands and the endless sea—hemmed in by thicket and water, with no means of telling even whence they had come.

The two sat in the scorching sun, weak from the long march of a day's and night's journey, and dazed at their prospect. Only three chances lay before them: In one direction lay the tents of Hassan Pasha, from which they had fled, in another lay the city of Oran with its promise of rescue, and, missing the first two, in the infinite waste around them lay certain death from starvation, or more sudden, the vicious attack of unknown wild beasts.

The two brothers, Rodrigo and Miguel de Cervantes had set sail from Italy three months before to return to their native Spain. The galley, El Sol, had followed a peaceful course across the blue waters of the Mediterranean, along with a small squardron of similar vessels, for several days. Along the coast of France, not far from the mouth of the Rhone, winds and rough weather separated El Sol from the rest of the flotilla. It was beset by a fleet of vessels manned by Algerian pirates, and in an unequal battle, the two brothers along with the few others who survived, were taken aboard the pirate ship as prisoners.

The fact that they were Spaniards and Christians served as sufficient reason to provoke the Moorish pirates to cruelty. The prisoners were crowded on board and stripped of their clothing. In Miguel's pocket lay a letter which proved his undoing. Don Juan of Austria, in recognition of his courage in fighting against the Moors in the Italian wars, had written this letter of recommendation for Miguel to carry with him to his King on his return to Spain. The renegade captain of the Turkish flotilla seized the two brothers as prize of battle, and discovering the letter, inferred that the elder Miguel was a man of rank and importance.

Back to Algiers the pirate flotilla sailed, and the captives were turned over to Hassan Pasha, the Dey. The two Spanish men were separated from the rest as more valuable, and were made the special slaves of the Dey's household, while the other unfortunates were made to suffer the greater hardships of servitude, yoked with oxen to ploughs or bound to the oars on the pirate galleys. Restless with servitude, Miguel had invented a scheme for escape, and with a hired Moor for a guide he and his brother set out for Oran in the dead of night.

The two slaves, worn with a month's servitude, sick from lack of food, and exhausted from the unaccustomed heat of the sun, had dropped in their tracks after thirty hours of hard flight, while the Moor, more accustomed to the sun

and less worn by hardship, stood by laughing scornfully at the weaker white men. As the two lay sleeping, that sleep of exhaustion which is so akin to the sleep of death in its intensity, the Moor grew restless with waiting. Thinking of the money promised him for his aid, he longed to seek the place where the two men had hidden it. It was a matter of utmost simplicity to plunder the knap-sacks of the two sleeping slaves, and the Moor rose from his search in utter disgust. Not one pesa had he found among the loaves of rough bread and bundles of coarse cloth in the sack, and seeking revenge from the apparant lies the white men had told him, he seized the packs and stole away while they were yet sleeping.

Without guide there was slight chance of reaching the city. Without food there was no chance of carrying on the flight. The two brothers sat together in oppressive silence for some time, but Miguel, reading the terror in his younger brother's face, sprang to his feet suddenly, and with a pretense at laughter, cried, "We'll get there, hermanito, without the guide! Oran's a city. We could not miss it." And with outward assurance he started west along the coast.

Two days later, they dropped again from exhaustion and hunger, not knowing that they were within a league of a city—the city from which they had fled. Unconscious, they were found and dragged before the angry Dey by an Algerian soldier who had been sent out in search of them.

When Miguel opened his eyes in consciousness he felt that he was in a dream. The Dey stood before his cushioned chair, his arms folded in stern anger. Behind him, partly concealed in a mist of curtains, appeared the head and part of the figure of a woman. Her face was veiled, but her eyes shone above the veil, large and luminous, and filled with awe. The Dey moved slightly and the woman's face and figure slipped hastily out of sight behind the curtains. "Christian dog!" Hassan's voice was low and threatening, "Dost thou know the desserts of an ungrateful slave?"

Miguel, in spite of weakness, feigned an insolence in a fleeting smile, and offered no reply.

Hassan advanced a step toward him, and the woman's head appeared again between the curtains. Her hand, each finger loaded with jeweled rings, rested nervously against the veil about her face.

"Answer me, slave!" Hassan cried. "Thou knowest the law in regard to fugitive slaves. Hundreds have suffered before you. What reason have you to think that you will escape death? Proud Spaniard! The laws of Islam are firm. Death may await you."

Miguel remained unmoved. Suddenly he felt a hand clutching at his arm. Turning his head slightly to the side he saw Rodrigo, fear written in his eyes, his mouth twitching nervously. "Answer the Moor!" Rodrigo whispered under his breath, pleading with his eyes.

Miguel turned to the Dey. "Has no ransom money come for me yet?"

The Dey started.

"Thou knowest, O Hassan Pasha, that ransom will be sent for me. Thou knowest that Italy will not allow my death to go unavenged. Thou knowest that Philip of Spain is ready to uphold his subjects. Has not the ransom come yet?"

Rodrigo trembled with horror at his brother's courage. Miguel trusted too much in that letter he had borne. Hassan could tell, Rodrigo knew, that Spain would not miss this son of hers.

But Hassan trembled too, though slightly. "Ransom has come! A paltry three hundred crowns!" he replied. "Thinkest thou that I count thee worth no more than that? That cringing brother of thine, whose arm could scarcely wield a sword against an enemy, is worth that much. Dost think I have not heard the wrongs thou hast done my people? That hand of thine

of which thou art so proud, that wound which makes thee boast and call thyself El Manco, the wounded one, dost think I have not heard 'twas won in warring with the followers of Mahomet?"

"Three hundred crowns is good ransom, Hassan," the captive replied, gaining new boldness as he was reminded of his past courage.

"For some, perhaps, but not for such as thou," the Dey cried, angry at the impudence of the Christian slave.

"Did he say . . . will it . . . ransom someone else?" Rodrigo suggested in a whisper at his brother's side.

Miguel did not turn his head. "Let the boy go, O Hassan. He is not use to you. He will die in the heat, and you will gain naught thereby. Send my brother back to Spain for the ransom which my friends have sent for me."

Rodrigo sprang to his feet. "Let me go!" he cried and fell at the feet of the Dey, kissing his robe and groveling at his feet.

"Rodrigo!" Miguel snatched the younger man from the ground, and in his own Spanish cried, "You would kiss the hem of a heathen Moor's garment. Hermano! Where is your pride?"

Hassan Pasha loved the glitter of Spanish gold too much to let the three hundred crowns slip through his hands, and, consequently, the following week Rodrigo sailed for Spain. There was sorrow at the parting, for Rodrigo was swept away with remorse at his cowardice in begging to be released. "On my life, I swear it, Miguel, no pillow will hold my head, nor rest will I take. until I have secured ample ransom for you, too," the boy had sworn as he took leave of Miguel.

Miguel returned to his servitude without complaint. He was no more a common slave than a common prisoner. He did not have to go into the fields with the other Christians, yoked to the carts with oxen, but served rather in the nobler capacity as personal slave to Hassan, with access to the harem tents.

"I dreamed you would come back from Oran," Elim whispered when they were left alone together.

Miguel laid aside the great fan which he had been waving mechanically over her, and stood in silence looking down into her eyes. "Thou art a foolish wife, O Elim," he said, smiling as he spoke. "Thou knowest the wrath of Hassan. Thou knowest thou art his favorite wife, and yet will thou darest look kindly at thy slave."

"Miguel!" There was a caress in the way her soft voice pronounced his name, "I am not afraid," and yet her voice trembled, and she glanced uneasily at the curtains which seemed to move slightly.

Miguel, seeing in her eyes the fear which she denied with her words, caught up the great feathered fan and began waving it again over her.

She leaned back more easily among the cushions of her couch. "Tell me the poems again. Tell me a new one today. Hast thou seen aught in me for a poem yet?" she asked with the innocent pride of a child.

"Thou art a poem, thyself, Elim," he replied, and began saying over to her the sonnets which pleased her so.

As the days passed Elim sought the services of her slave more and more, but the unsuspecting Hassan, filled with his own importance could not read the look in her eyes nor the tenderness in her voice when she plead daily for "El Manco" to fan her. A month after the two brothers had been separated by the ransom of the younger, Hassan received a message from the sultan which required him to begin a hasty journey to Oran. Leaving his harem and tents in the hands of an indolent, fat steward, he mounted his camel and bid farewell to Elim and his other wives.

As the caravan faded in its own dust, Elim, who had stood at the tent doorway watching, turned and beckoned to

her slave, "Miguel, we will fan, please. And we will hear again about the book."

The fat steward was sleeping in the doubtful shade of a palm, with no greater worries than a fly which lit on his nose at regular intervals. The other wives were busy in their own tents, not daring to venture into the special and luxurious tent which Hassan reserved apart for his favorite wife.

"The book is to be about a knight and a beautiful woman, Elim," he began, telling her, as he had done many times before, the story of the book he was planning to write when his release should be effected. The thought of the book made him more restless with his imprisonment, but he seemed to enjoy this delightful misery when Elim begged for the story.

"And the woman?" she questioned, looking at him shyly.

"She shall be called Dulcinea, which means sweetest one," he smiled back at her.

"And am I Dulcinea?"

"Perhaps."

"And the knight, who is he? 'Tis you, my brave Miguel, 'tis you, I know," she clasped her hands in excitement.

A shrug of his shoulders was his only reply.

"And does he love the Dulcinea? Then 'tis you, Miguel, I know 'tis you!"

"Elim thou art a child," but the scorn in his words was lost in the gentleness of his voice.

The nights for Elim were long, and filled with dreams which made her toss uneasily about on her couch. There were times when she would awake suddenly feeling that she had called the name of her slave aloud, and she would lie awake staring into the dark and trembling for fear that someone had heard her.

Miguel spent restless nights, too, but his were passed out in the open moonlight, pacing back and forth before his ragged tent, and muttering strange things to himself. Some nights, when he was more restless than usual, his pacing would be broken at intervals. He would drop suddenly on his knees and, taking a stick in his hand, would write furiously in the sands for a time, and soon, equally suddenly, he would spring to his feet and kick the sands on which he had been writing and begin his pacing again. It was on such nights that Miguel de Cervantes felt a longing to write his book so greatly overpowering everything else that he seemed to tug at real chains which bound him to Algiers.

Daylight would find both Elim and Miguel attempting to hide from each other the restlessness of the night before. The thought of Miguel's ransom was like death to Elim, and neither of them spoke of it to the other. He would not let her know how he longed to go back to Spain, and she would conceal as best she could her horror of separation.

One morning, six weeks or more after Hassan had left for Oran, Elim and Miguel were walking beneath the palms which formed a short avenue in front of the Dey's canopied palace, when a new cloud of dust appeared in the distance. The desert-bred Elim caught at once the significance of the cloud. Her hand was trembling as she clutched the hand of Miguel. "Look!" she cried, " 'Tis Hassan returning! The dust of his caravan even now appears in the east!"

As Hassan and his long caravan drew up before the doorway to his tents the wives and native slaves ran out together crying, "What hast thou brought us, Hassan, our lord?" The Dey had his servants unload the camels before the tents and spread the presents out on the sands. Rich silks and trinkets for the wives, and lesser gifts for the servants, were soon distributed. As each caught up her own presents she bowed to her master and ran away to enjoy her treasures alone. Soon none but Elim was left beside Hassan.

"And you, my favorite, here is your treasure. See that you keep it to your-

self. It is not needful that these others should see what I have brought you." And Hassan placed in her hands as many jeweled rings and bracelets as she could hold. She stood for a moment looking down at the stones sparkling red and green and crystal white in the sunlight, then turning fled into her own tent.

As the long slanting rays of the sun began to leave the sands, a ship was hailed in the distance. "The flag of Spain!" The whisper ran through the crowd gathered at the shore. Miguel and Elim stood alone in the tent; Miguel forbidden a place among the crowd because he was a slave, Elim forbidden a place because she was a woman. They looked at each other without speaking, but both could not conceal their thoughts. Ransom!

The crowd which had gathered by the shore returned toward the tents of Hassan Pasha. At the head of the crowd walked Hassan, his face stern and his arms folded across his chest. Beside him strode Rodrigo, in the uniform of a Spanish sea captain, talking rapidly and gesticulating wildly, "Hassan, I tell you we have the ransom! Five hundred crowns! 'Tis more than you could dare to ask!" Hassan shook his head. Miguel, catching his brother's last speech, rushed forward to greet him, forgetting his place as a slave. Hassan stopped suddenly and turned to Miguel, "Away, slave! Thy place is among the women and the servants." Miguel withdrew, but his face flamed with the anger which burned within him. Elim had slipped back into the tent, but he could tell by the slight motion of the curtains that she was hiding so that she might listen to the two men.

Miguel stood back against the doorway, eagerly watching Hassan and Rodrigo. The crowd pressed close upon the two, but Hassan, with a majestic sweep of his hand forced the gaping mob to step backward to a distance.

"My slaves are never ransomed for paltry sums!" Hassan argued.

"Paltry sums!" Rodrigo exclaimed in rage, "Five hundred good Spanish crowns are not to be turned aside. You are playing well your hand, O Dey, but you know not of what you seek. It will be either five hundred or nothing."

Miguel trembled at his brother's threat. Through the curtain he heard a sigh, a quick intake of breath, and he could tell by the soft tinkle of the bracelets that Elim had clasped her hands. It was her customary gesture of happiness. Even in his distress, Miguel smiled to think that his presence could mean so much to this Algerian girl.

"Seven hundred or nothing!" Hassan replied.

"I will give you one day in which to show me the seven hundred crowns, Rodrigo de Cervantes, and if you cannot bring sufficient ransom at that time I will not consider another attempt to ransom him. After tomorrow he is my slave for life."

"But Hassan," Rodrigo was no longer proud and angry, "We cannot get the money here. We have brought all we can find among our friends in Spain, and we have no friends in your loathed Algiers!"

"Seven hundred crowns tomorrow, or nothing." And Hassan dismissed the Spaniard.

That night Elim's face shone with a peculiar light when she met Miguel. The white moon covered her with a clear light, and made her brown eyes shine like sunlight through amber. Miguel was slient and when she spoke to him he turned half-angrily upon her, "Thou wouldst torture me, Elim, O daughter of the heathens! My life shall be thrown away on this desert place because there is not money enough in Spain to soften the heart of thy husband."

"Thrown away, Miguel?" she questioned softly, letting her jeweled fingers rest with the touch of a butterfly upon his hand. "And is it thrown away when thou art with me always?"

"I have found relief in thy sweet

company, Elim," he caught her hand and spoke more softly, "But there can be no happiness for me in this place. If Hassan does not take the ransom which my brother brought," he turned his head away and left the sentence unfinished.

"If he does not," she tried to help him.

"I will help him end this fight. I will remove all further trouble. I will take for nothing the life for which he scorns five hundred crowns."

Elim's eyes turned on him in horror. "Miguel!" she cried, throwing her arms about his brown shoulders, and reaching for his hands, "Thou dost not mean it! No! No! I cannot let thee die!"

The moon was low in the west, and the first streaks of rose began to appear in the east before the two left each other that night. As they sat beneath the palm her small brown hand rested in his, and their voices rose and fell in soft murmurs, broken by long periods of silence.

Miguel had talked first of his dejection, of his book which he had hoped to write, of his country, of his sorrow, while Elim with eyes downcast wept silently. Soon, however, she had ventured, "Perhaps, Miguel, thy brother can find the two hundred crowns tomorrow, and save thee even now." There was a new quality in her voice which made Miguel look into her eyes more closely.

"Thou hast been crying, Elim," he replied, ignoring her suggestion.

Again she whispered, fingering the new rings which Hassan had brought her, "Perhaps the ransom money can be found, Miguel."

From her assurance Miguel discovered at least a new peace, although his knowledge of the futility prevented him from feeling too great hope. In all of Algiers there was not one Christian or friend to Spain who could have produced fifty crowns to aid in his ransom. Christians in Algiers were slaves, and slaves were without money.

As the east became light, they parted; Elim bidding him farewell with tragic tenderness, and walking slowly toward her tent with the air of a martyr.

Next day Rodrigo appeared before the Dey with triumph written in his eyes. With scorn he presented to Hassan five hundred crowns in Spanish gold, and two hundred and more in unset jewels: emerald, ruby, diamond. Hassan was shocked to see the ransom so easily procured, but he dismissed the two Cervantes brothers from his presence with the manner of a King, as if no struggle had been imminent, no privation or harshness involved.

The sails to the ship were trimmed and ready, and the crew awaited the brothers for immediate departure. Miguel searched in vain for Elim that he might tell her goodbye. Before her tent he stopped after he had given up his search, and marked in the sand at the doorway:

"Adios, Dulcinea, mi alma," and strode away toward the ship.

When the moon came up again white and clear it streamed through the doorway to Elim's tent and across the cot on which she lay. Her eyes were closed, and the light of the moon fell cold and clear upon her face. Her hands were clasped close beneath her head.

It was thus that Hassan found her the next day. Taking the hands apart he found, tightly clutched so that the sharp edges stuck in the flesh, the shells of the priceless rings he had brought her the jewels gone.

On Examinations

BY CLARA NELL HARGROVE

AN examination is what Mr. Bradley would call "the catastrophe toward which the action has inevitably led—that force against which the hero (you, me, or any other victim) has been desperately, but hopelessly, struggling—the tragic effort to overcome an overhanging fate against which he (the said hero) is powerless."

It is what college officials term "our spring examination—ah, yes, only a matter of about eight days of more-or-less strenuous testing. Yes—rather uncomfortable for the poor girls. Ha, ha."

It is what chapel speakers love to speak on. It is what alumnae love to think on. It is what teachers love to gloat on.

To us, it is just plain injustice. It is what the faculty uses as a last resort to break our spirit. After term papers, after mid-semesters, after lessons, after "pop" tests, themes, orations, reports, parallel, and so on far into the semester—after all this when we are weary and our patience is threadbare they push exams on us. It is the last straw.

Let us digress from this painful definition of examinations to consider the etymology of the word. It is derived from the Latin "zamfino," which means "shucks, if I know" (or other expressions of exasperation).

Enough for the definition. We shall now strive to present the stark tragedy incurred by examinations, hoping that from our plea against such an inhumane infliction of suffering there will spring that rule which posterity will not willingly let die! Therefore, realizing the value of the drama of reality, we present with sympathy for William and deplorings that drama should have sunk to such degrading depths—this tragedy in one act, entitled "The Examination."

Scene 1—The night before—dormitory.

Dramatic Personage — Freshmen A, B, C, and D.

Frosh. A:
Oh, gee! I really—I mean I should.
Do you s'pose she really would?

Frosh. B:
Why, surely not—I know she wont.

Frosh. C:
You guess she will?

Frosh. D:
You bet I don't.

Frosh. A:
They ALWAYS ask just what you know.

Frosh. B:
And if she shouldn'—even so
Aw, we don't mind. Who cares?
Just let her flunk us—if she dares.

Frosh. C:
We have to have some recreation
In spite of this EXAMINATION.

(Exit Frosh. B, C, and D)

Frosh. A:
Now might I do it pat!
I'd learn a little—poof for that!
Oh dear, and just to think
How gorg I felt—and now to sink
To depths of such despair—Ah, fate
Would I had studied 'ere too late.

Scene 2—(Morning following—Class room).

Frosh. A:
To write or not to write—that is the question.
Why, gosh, we've never had that lesson!
Oh, that this too, too nutty hand could write—
It isn't fair—I'll flunk for SPITE!
Out, out, brief candle — just one thought.
So this is college—and I am caught.
Come, Paul. I know a station
Where there ain't no EXAMINATION!

Postlude: And the poor freshman, broken in mind, body, and spirit; disillusioned, disappointed, utterly CRUSHED, winds her weary way pharmward. One more final flunked!

(Curtain; college career)

Very Fresh

Baby Tricks of Our Seniors

BY MARGUERITE MATHESON

SHE gathers up her books (old from much selling and reselling), flings open the door, walks out, thunders down a flight of steps, across and down a porch, enters a door without thinking, takes a few steps in a hallway, halts before a barrier of double doors, and loudly but clearly KNOCKS. An almost complete silence reigns with the exception of a tiny escape of supressed giggles. Again she raps wondering why she is not bidden to enter. Alas! The door is opened! A dignified business-like person stands with her head poked out and with a grin from ear to ear whispers, "Do come in. We always welcome you unannounced to the library."

Fresh? Ah, no, very fresh!

And she? No other than Miss Edith Belcher in 1924.

* * *

The head rolls upon the pillow. The eyes open, the left after the right. The mouth opens and there follows the appearance of a healthy yawn. She hastily rises from her wee trundle bed, wraps a coat around her, steps into black pumps, rushes out the door, down the hall, across the porch, flings wide a pair of doors, enters, takes her seat at the second table, fails to note that none of her companions are present, and says to a colored maid who is busily engaged in removing the sugar and salt from a nearby table, "Ella, please bring me a cup of coffee." But alas, alack, Ella replies, "Honey chile, I sho' is sorry but Mrs. Hudgins done giv' us orders not to serb any of de yon' ladies what comes in to eat de'er breakfast after 9 o'clock.

Who? Ah, Miss Dee Jackson, as a freshman.

The book lies open in the midst of lovely subtle light fantastical poetry. A struggle is being carried on. Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Walt Whitman! They've all been heard of before. But who is this other fellow who persists in writing so much stuff and is evidently considered right good? A pencil follows a hand to scratch a head cocked on one side. A brow is furrowed and wrinkled. An idea beams! Ask Miss H——. No, another idea. Tomorrow will be too late. Voices in the near distance are heard and recognized. A door opens. Three girls walk in and SHE demands in a loud irritating questioning tone, "Who in the world is Anon and why are his poems so good?"

Introducing Miss Carolyn Lockette when she was four years younger.

* * *

A Farmacy is entered by a pair in deep meditation. An English class had just been completed. Boards after boards had been covered with synonyms and substitutes for the verb "walk." A table is leaned upon. Two heads are together. A thought is born. "OOZE" had not been mentioned nor written on the board. Three days could not be waited. Stationery was obtained, stamps bought, and a "special" sent on its way. At five o'clock Sunday morn a popular English teacher was aroused from her peaceful slumbers to read an important epistle which bore the message that a man could ooze as well as walk into a room.

Who did it? The most intelligent and the most capable girls at Wesleyan, according to the 1928 concensus of opinion.

* * *

A couple of healthy limbs trod their weary way down the hallway, down a

flight of steps, another hallway, and down, down, down a second flight of stairs. (The life of a third floor annexer). Something a bit queer, eccentric, extraordinary, and entirely foreign to the commonplace clings to that pair of limbs. In length and shape they are a little long and nigh perfect. They reach the outer region plus the light. Ah, the colors do not blend! The left is clad in one simple red stocking while the right is stunning in a brilliant green.

Whose were they? Miss Aggie Anderson, president of the class when we were fresh.

* * *

The day was light and hot and lovely. The sun beamed in all its glory. She walks alongside the street car track, crosses the street, up patiently and perspiringly a hill, takes to the center of the thoroughfare, down the street car track again. A car horn shrieks. She seeks the sidewalk ever casting side glances at the friendly track. A corner turns. Down, down, down hill she takes it. Blocks, blocks, and more blocks she walks. Miles heap up. Tall buildings loom up in the horizon. Town is near. SHE sighs an appreciative and thankful sigh. Some one was right. The belt line if followed absolutely and painstakingly takes one eventually to the heart of town.

Making you acquainted with Miss Lorriane Wilson in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

* * *

Ah, fresh? No, very fresh!
And when they were fresh
They were very, very fresh,
But now they are seniors
They are fresher.

Trains in Spring

By LILLIAN SHEAROUSE

TRAINS! Past the massed pink and white of his father's sloping orchards, the country boy watches them go. He sits with his chin in his hands and forgets to revel in the newly bared brown feet swinging from the edge of his father's porch, or steadying him as he perches on the top of the woodpile. He loves the fresh glory of the awakening woods, the feel of his feet on the earthy road, the still sunniness of the deep pool where he holds his rod in the shade. But there is something about trains more fascinating than these yearly delights.

The sound, the sight of the mad locomotive tearing through the mild, beautiful orchard, the stately, quiet woods, their whistles shrieking in a kind of mysterious exultance, stirs within his bosom a wilder urge, a spring-engendered urge to be borne along with them into the great crowded places of the world. He calls up all the stories of the endless white-ways and the topless buildings that he has ever read of or heard, and longs to hear, to see, to walk amid the thronging life in far-off cities. Perchance he pictures tall ships from all the ports of the world towering above the wharves of a vast harbor.

There is a wistfulness in the eyes of the child and man of the city as they listen to the far-off whistle, or look up from narrow windows at the ceaseless wheels of the elevated. They, too, recognize that in the rush of the whirring pistons the spirit of spring calls the heart to follow, to behold and to rejoice in far-off places, to follow the gleaming steel of the rails that the hand of his brother has laid. They long for windows that open to the color and fragrance of endless orchards, and moss-carpeted woods. They long to feel the tug of the engines up the inclines of the newly-clad mountains, the glide of the wheels along the salt-bathed coasts. Some dream of the thrill of strange Oriental journeys in the crowded compartments of continental trains.

Those who can, yield to the lure of the trains. Those who would, dream until the lethargy of the long, hot days of summer have made the flying, smoking messengers of the tracks a nuisance, and the shriek of their whistles a plague.

There is an element of amusing tragedy in the futility of younger spring runaways. Imaginative youngsters, maddened by the connotating names painted across the cars, inspired by the sight of the lone flagman, walking against the motion of the train, silhouetted against the limitlessness of the heavens, atop some winding freight,—plan to creep into an open freight-car door under the shadow of night, and are often actually smuggled thus into the outskirts of a neighboring metropolis. Many of them are never caught up with. Those who are, usually become reconciled to the ordinary routine of life, or try unfledged wings again and again until they succeed. Of course, the success and failure of these young adventurers is due largely to the kinds and classes of home to which they belong.

Members of the domestically inclined sex are by no means immune to the general spirit of the wanderlust. Indeed, modern psychologists tell us that a boy inherits his tendency to migrate from his mother. The housewife, then, peering from her window over the kitchen table, is not without inward yearnings toward cozy, or luxurious—depending on the type of woman—journeys with shining hatbags and well-packed trunks.

Trains, like the rest of the earth, bloom into a glory of their own as they go thundering through the beauty of spring, calling ever to the heart of man, the lover of winding roadways and of strange and distant lands.

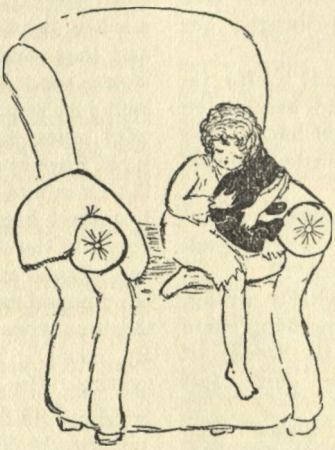
I'm Sorry

A real little boy (really a boy, really little), and a happy ending, as well as the delightful style of the author make "I'm Sorry" a worthy last contribution from Miss Virginia Creel, prominent scribe from the senior class.

By VIRGINIA CREEL



TWO small brown shoes swung back and fro, making little ditches in the sand below the hammock. On the knees above them, one skinned, and the other more disfigured with dirt, two elbows rested. Above them two hands cupped what in other and better circumstances was the face of Richard Johnson Moore, III, but which now would do credit to any little ruffian in the mills of Richard Johnson Moore, II with the amount of grime, the number of little tear made rivulets through the brown, the tangled brown curls, and the general aspect of utter woe. The youngest son of the Moore household was in misery, and he dug the little ditches deeper in the sand at his feet.



Every thing was all wrong; every thing felt all wrong. In the first pace, and most tangible of his troubles, he had just fallen over the wall in the rose garden, and one of his daddy's favorite rosebushes had been the mat for his knee with sad results. And then he couldn't find anybody to do anything about it. Anna wasn't in the kitchen even, and mother was gone. That reminded him of more of the wrongs everywhere. Mother wasn't there lots of days now, and something was wrong with her and daddy. They were sad, and never talked, and this morning had been worse. They had quarreled over him. Daddy had corrected him for eating his oatmeal too quick, and mother had said, "You won't be doing that long." Daddy had looked like something had hurt him, and they both had looked mad.

Two more tears gathered in the brown pools, rolled out, and followed the path of the others down his cheeks, by the corners of the drooping mouth, and then splashed on the hurt knee. That felt good. Maybe if he'd wash it, it would feel better, and then he'd start for town, and sell papers. Something would have to be done, he was sure. The mistreated scion of the Moore family limped dejectedly across the lawn toward the kitchen. He could find water there, and maybe some cakes beside.

"Bless youre heart, honey chile, what de matter wid Anna's baby?" The words that greeted him as he opened the screen door were too much of a relief; he burst into fresh tears.

"My knee hurts, Anna, and I'm all feeling bad."

"Come here, lamb, let Anna see," she pushed back the bowl she was wiping; pulled up a chair by the sink, and lifted the child up for a closer inspection of the injury.

"All right, Anna'll fix you up; and tell her about your troubles."

The child settled back with a sigh, extending his leg stiffly. "Have you any cakes, Anna?"

"Two of 'em, baby. Put 'em in that pretty mouth instead of turning it down

like youre pa's a puper, and youre mammie dead."

White teeth settled in the chocolate muffin three times, and the cake was no more. Then he took up the recital of his woes where he left off, using Anna's word. "What's a pauper, Anna? Maybe that is what's wrong with daddy. What is the matter, Anna?"

"Law, now, you done notice, have you, baby?" The negro wagged her head mournfully.

"Well, what is it, Anna?" He insisted now, but began the assault on the second cake. Anna had bathed and caressed the knee, and busied herself with the cookie jar.

"Nothin', chile," she changed suddenly, "Don't bother youre baby head. Don't you want another cake?"

"I believe I do, but what's wrong, Nanna?" he went back to his baby name for her, and seemed on the verge of more tears. "The house don't feel nice."

"Mercy on us, Dick, hush! The house's all right." Then having refrained from a discussion of the affair too long for her nature, she began on the potatoes and the tale simultaneously. "They notheing but two fools, anyways. Both with heads like goats, and they love one'nother, don't I know it? Just a fuss they won't one give in on. Too much old Moore and Parnet pride! And now youre mammie gone to town to see a lawyer man. And if youre daddy just come in with a smile or a halfway look like I'm sorry, she fly at him like a scared child." That much exploded, the negro closed her mouth, suddenly rolled her great eyes toward the door, and picked up another cake.

"Here you, Dick, lam! go play, and don't be bothering your head, but you keep out o' youre daddy's pet roses. He skin you alive if you hurt 'em. The flower showing gonna be day after tomorrow, and he gonna win."

Again the toes of Richard, III plowed ditches below the hammock. Above the hands were busy pushing in the last of the chocolate muffin, and above the mouth, the forehead was creased in childish thought.

So mother and daddy were mad, and maybe they both felt like he did when mother said he'd have to 'pologize. He'd rather die than say he was sorry, but it was good after it was all over, and you'd been kissed and forgiven. He kicked more dirt and considered. Daddy sent mother things when he was happiest, and that made her happiest. If daddy would send her something tonight. If he'd just send her flowers like the beautiful ones he sometimes did. Daddy loved flowers so. That reminded him of the roses and the knee. If daddy would just send her those great soft red ones down by the wall that had scratched him so. Then an inspiration struck him. He jumped up, and fairly expanded as the idea grew. Why, why couldn't he? He could. There were boxes in the garage. He had seen them put out there. But making daddy do his part, and say he was sorry like Anna said—that was another matter—and something must be done. Back in the hammock, Richard Johnson Moore III scuffed his shoes, and thought again.

At lunch time, Richard Johnson Moore II opened the door slowly as if dreading what was inside. He drooped slightly, and sighed as he stepped in. His small son was waiting.

"Why, hello, fellow," the man's face lit up very much as the smaller one had done at Anna's consolation.

"Daddy," Dick hung on one arm and marched down the hall matching steps with his father. "I want you to do something for me."

"All right, boy." There was wistfulness in the man's eyes. "Anything, old fellow."

"You know Jan?" Dick slid into his chair in the dining room, but sat on the edge nervously watching Mr. Moore.

"Yes, the little girl next door. Anna, where is Mrs. Moore?" The question was apparently nonchalant.

"She in town, Mr. Dick."

"All right, sit down, sonny, and tell me."

The child slid squarely on the chair arm but was still uneasy. "Well, daddy, if I'd made her mad, what is the nicest thing to do?"

"Huh? Well, what have you been doing?" The man pushed back his salad untouched. Not waiting for an answer, he went on absently. "Suppose you have Anna make you some sweets, and you take them to her, and tell her you're sorry. But eat your lunch, Dick."

The younger Moore hunched up his chair a little, but continued. "It's not nice to tell I'm sorry; I don't like that, daddy."

His father laughed grimly. "It is rather hard, boy."

"I know, daddy, I know," Dick shouted at his triumph. "You write it for me and I'll put it in."

"All right, all right, but eat your lunch. You're a queer trick." He was looking at the boy who was so much like him, with a dull ache somewhere in him.

After lunch in the library, the two composed the note of forgiveness.

"What was her name?" Mr. Moore questioned as he picked up a pen."

"Don't use her name. That's all right," Dick danced in excitement.

"Is that 'I'm sorry'?" he finally demanded after he had watched his father scrawl a few words and begin on more.

"That's 'I'm sorry—let's be friends again'." Mr. Moore turned around. "Will that fix you? Now go tell Anna to give you what you want."

With a kiss, the would-be-penitent departed for Anna. After wheedling from her the box of cakes and candy, Richard III headed for the hammock, and one box of delicacies disappeared.

At six, Mr. Moore drove around the house into the garden. He glanced toward the house, but it was silently hostile. He turned down the walk that led to his rose bushes. The flower show was day after tomorrow, and he must see if there would be enough perfect buds. At least he could prove to Donaldson that he could beat him with roses, if not at golf.

Against the wall he saw the bush of American Beauties that was his pride and delight. He looked at it the second time, and stopped dead still. "Well, I'll be d—," he remarked to the world in general, and the bush directly.

Not only were the blossoms gone; they were chopped off. There were three roses almost shattered, and the rest tight green buds. Not a chance for the show. He turned a dull red, whirled on his heel, and the things he said were not charitable to the one who had taken those roses.

"If anything else can happen, come on with it," he dared fate, and started for the house.

From behind the wall, a tousled head emerged, and two large brown eyes looked after the man retiring with such jerky steps. The mouth which was next visible was trembling slightly, and the face was very troubled. Over the wall one brown shoe came, a knee came up with it, and then a rock in the wall slipped, and for the second time that day a body settled in the rose bush. A little moan was all that came from the body for three minutes, and Richard Johnson Moore III picked himself up, the other knee a mate for the first, his face a study in grime and tears; again a picture of abject despair.

Richard Moore II, as he approached the house, saw a blur of blue in the side door. As he came nearer, the blur moved, and came out on the porch. It was Jean.

"Dick!" He jumped at the tone of the voice, and forgot the mutilated roses behind him.

She was coming toward him with a box under her arm, and she was smiling. He smiled back questioningly, then knew that somehow everything was all right, and went to meet her.

"I just came back and found them," she told him. "You're a darling. I'm a perfect vixen, but I'm sorry."

"It's all over, Jean, and I'm sorry, too." He sighed peacefully, then cautiously peeped over her shoulder into the box under her arm.

"Jean," his mouth dropped open; he stared in amazement. His roses, beautiful, velvet red, long-stemmed, if rather chewed off at the ends, and among them a card in his scrawl, "I'm sorry, let's be friends again."

Behind the man stunned speechless with a look on his face that was halfway between idiotic and comprehensive, and the woman who was looking at him in bewilderment, the small boy crept up. He stopped between them still and silent.

"Darling, what in the world has happened?" Jean gave her son one look, and stooped down, gathering him up. "What is it, mother's baby?"

A small voice from her shoulder sobbed, "I'm sorry, but—but I meant—"

"Wait a minute, boy," Mr. Moore said gently, and took his son from his mother, lifting him up on his shoulder. "I know all about it, and it's all right. You've made us happy. Now let's tell mother all about it, and you needn't be sorry."

I cannot fail him now—
When others praised
I stood aside—
Unneeded and unsought—
But now they blame
His boyish act—
He looks at last to me—
I cannot fail him now.

—Dorothy McKay

On Coming Back

Why I Am Sorry That I Am Not Coming Back

BY VIRGINIA CREEL

September of '28 will find a disconsolate girl who gazes at a trunk with empty hangers, and yawning drawers with a far-away look in her eyes, an alumnae book in her hand, memories in her heart, and an imaginary opening at Rivoli in her mind. She is only a senior of the class of '28 whose day is over, whose diploma is in hand, but who wants to come back.

And why does she want to come back? is asked her before she leaves. As the question sinks through the layers of parallel, and four years' accumulation of literary sediment, she realizes what it really is going to mean, and faces the fact, wondering just what it is that causes the sinking feeling 'round the heart. Why is it after four years of wishing the days away, and saying at every sunrise, "one more day nearer my graduation," the actual process does not bring the expected joy, the expected satisfied feeling?

Like bright swift moving kaleidoscopic pictures, the things that make it hard to face a September without Wesleyan flash through the graduate's mind. There's a Sophomore sister's smile; there's the laughing hub-bub at the "pharm"; there's a busy gaily moving Cherry street; there's the light and clatter of the dining room; the thrill and throb of a Thanksgiving day; the mellow lights and soft organ music of a vesper; the flowers and frills of a perfect prom; the glow and crimson of a sunset behind towers,—faster and faster the dear scenes and impressions trip over themselves, and tears are very near the surface.

Why does the graduate want to come back? Trying to find more tangible reasons than mere golden memories, she finds that it is hard to grow up and be a woman of the world, and say farewell to all the irresponsibility that can be hidden behind schoolgirl days. It is sad to close a book that has been perfect and know that it can never be read again. It hurts to think of an opening where she is not needed, is not a part.

Everything ends, and the fact that this thing was a green and gold glory marks four years indelibly. Little wonder that there is sorrow that the cover of the book is closed to be opened no more.

Much Have I Traveled

BY ELIZABETH WILDE

Much Have I Traveled in the Realms of Gold
And Many Goodly Kingdoms Have I Seen—But:

THE thrill that came to Balboa as he surveyed for the first time the broad expanse and heaving billows of the Pacific Ocean; the surging pride of attainment that quickened the pulse of Columbus as he shouted "Land!"; the gay daring of Priscilla as she left the Mayflower and planted a feminine foot for the first time on the shores of the new world—all these emotions await the girls who return to Rivoli. There is a new world

to claim, explore, become familiar with, and learn to love. What girl does not love new things? To her great love of novelty and change, the prestige of Paris bears witness. Where can you find newness newer than at Rivoli?

Not even the mice have taken up residence in the dainty rooms waiting for opening day. The outdoor theatre will be very new, and I am eager to see Wesleyan talent in such a perfect setting. I love horseback riding, too; and there is, of course, the swimming pool, and the tennis courts for everyone.

But more than all, I am looking into the future with an eagerness akin to Sister Annie's, to catch a far-away glimpse of the coming Prom. The bustle of the last College Prom to be held beneath the towers of Old Wesleyan brings up the fascinating possibilities of our Prom. There are lovely scenic walks there, and I can think of many ways to use them on Prom night, hung with romantically dim lights, and guarded by the most sympathetic chaperons.

Seriously, to be present at the first Chapel service there, as well as the last in our beloved old hall; to be ever so small a part of this realization of the dreams and ideals of those men and women whose visions will lie before us in 1928; to meet again the girls who have been such dear classmates and friends, and to feel the charm and hospitality that made Wesleyan so beloved by all her daughters settle over the new home—these are reasons to make any girl's heart glad when she looks into the future, and visualizes the new little freshmen, her sisters, and their happy days together on the beautiful new campus.

A Freshman's Fears

By SARAH ERWIN

WHY am I glad that I'm coming back to Wesleyan? As many different reasons flash through my mind as there are cars passing by Wesleyan at about 6 o'clock in the afternoon. But do not confuse my reasons for coming back with the passing of these cars. My biggest "why" is for the sake of variety.

Although nothing could equal my one year at old Wesleyan, I am ready for something new, and I can scarcely wait to come back next fall. My arrival will be quite different from what it was a year ago. We landed in the indifferent dark of Macon at midnight, in the "Spirit of Depression," and, although there was not a soul astir, I felt that exciting desire to run that Lindbergh says he feels so often; and I probably would have run a good race if I had had any idea in which direction to start. As it was, I let two older girls push me in a taxi in front of them and start out. We dashed by buildings that seemed to be running back to the station as I had wanted to, and flew up an almost perpendicular hill to stop suddenly in front of the college. I climbed out and looked up at WESLEYAN—and under the glassy September moon the old building with its towering entrance looked more like a medieval fortress than my idea of a college. I felt as I had always imagined Leonora felt as she stood before the convent.

Unwillingly I climbed the long steps and followed the girls through a maze of corridors and across a dark porch. We groped our way up a dark flight of creaky stairs and along a corridor, darker still, until our leader commanded a halt on the threshold of a room. "Turn on the light—quick!" came out of space.

And the next minute I wished it were off again, for I preferred the dark to that bleak and desolate room. A table with rheumatic legs leaned against the far wall, while an old washstand with a broken back hid behind the door. Two old-fashioned beds huddled together in the middle of the room, but their springs were certainly up-to-date—they both had permanent waves. The mattress on one had shrunk, for there were at least three inches between it and the head piece. The other mattress looked like father's wallet right after Christmas—as flat as could be. With a lump in my throat, I realized that neither of them would exactly fit my style of architecture.

But it will be altogether different next year. The dark of the Macon night will be friendly, not indifferent. The college will not be fearfully towering; it will be low-built, welcoming, and homelike. You will not have that cramped, depressed sensation of a prisoner when you look at the wide campus; you will feel like a little girl who has discovered a new playground, and a little boy who has discovered a new swimming-hole, all in one.

If we can believe all the incredible, wonderful, marvelous, miraculous tales that everyone is pouring into our ears, our rooms will rival those in the palace of Louis XIV. I am coming back to see if it is really true!

Another Journey

By ANNIE LOUISE PAGE

I have always liked to travel. Even as a small child I would raise my fat, chubby hands and fret to be lifted from my little crib. Then, when my wish was gratified, I would cry to be taken out into the world of my babyhood, so people could smile and coo at me. And as I began to walk, my adventurous spirit increased within me, and it was no time before I had jerked my hand from that of the nurse and tottered out into the street.

By the time I had reached a decade, my desire for travel had reached such a climax that I would resort to every means to get to go—anywhere—as long as it was somewhere. And it was always more fun to travel incognito. One day, after rambling in the closet among shoes and clothes for half an hour, I succeeded in dragging forth a pair of high-heeled satin slippers and a blue georgette dress, my mother's best. I had a terrible time finding the hat, but after standing in a chair, groping blindly upward, and running my hands along the closet shelf, I finally merged triumphantly. The hat was her best one, too, but I knew she would not mind. I was now ready for my expedition, after making careful preparations, and I set forth. I made little or no progress during the first five minutes of my travel, because I could not keep on my shoes, and they kept turning sideways; but after I had tied them on with a piece of my hair ribbon, I had nothing else to keep me from enjoying my expedition.

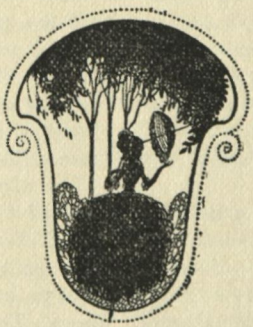
The afternoon was beautiful, and the spell of the late spring day urged me on. Different people rode past in their cars, smiled, and beckoned to me. I went on and on in high glee, until I met mama. Then I came home and I stayed home—for the rest of the week. And when the other children in the neighborhood ran by our house going on adventures and explorations, the desire to go some place was so great that I went—well, I went in the house, because mama was watching from the window.

Only at one period in my life did I detest travel. But mama was ambitious. So I continued my travels

through the North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa of my geography book. And I skimmed through the pages of my reader and speller, making stop-overs upon different objects in the school room or on the grounds.

When I had reached the age of seventeen, I yearned for travel again, and I set out on my pilgrimage to Wesleyan. And during my first year at college, my travels, adventures and explorations—not discoveries—were wide and extensive. In fact, they were so numerous that I was treated as my mother had treated me when I was a child, and I had to sit on the bench of repentance and watch the other travelers as they sallied forth every afternoon.

And now I am going on another journey—to Rivoli. It is a trip none has ever taken, although it has been the dream and desire of many for several years. I have always wanted to go to Rivoli, and when I do go, it will be one of the greatest trips of my life—new country, new people, new clothes, and new benches of repentance. For those who like to travel, the new institution will be a place of adventure and travel along new channels. It is also for those who need to travel. Everyone will get her daily dozen by hiking to and from distant class rooms; the quiet, fresh, exhilarating air of the new country will strengthen the weak; and the six-mile tramp to the city each sixth day will reduce the plump. Rivoli calls. Adventurous spirits, answer; and I, with others, embark on the sentimental journey through the Rivolides.



Confessions of an Editor

BY HELEN LOWE

AS full of shivers, thrills, hair-breadth escapes, and near-murders as any sensational serial is a record of a year's experience in editing a college weekly newspaper.

Murder in the Smith and Watson printing shop is often averted only by the tact, patience and promises of Mr. Sires, the faithful intercessor between typesetter and editor I must confess that this politic gentleman has succeeded for nearly nine months in keeping me away from the typesetters. I have begged to know where that office is, but Mr. Sires always answers with a vague "back there," and waves his arms toward the back door. Not even a detective could find it by his directions. I go to him with murder in my mind, suicide in my heart, and the paper with the crowning blow in my hand. "But Mr. Sires," I storm, showing him the disgrace, "I'd rather go see the typesetter **himself**; there's no excuse for this. I distinctly remember correcting this in proof." He answers in a jovial voice that infuriates me at the time (but makes me love him after I get home), "If you ever see **any** newspaper **anywhere** without a mistake in it, bring it to me,—I want to frame it."

One instance of this will always stand out in my mind. Chitter Chatter, the one and only column of the paper which has pretentions toward being spicy, or even moderately seasoned, has ever been a source of woe to me. At the Oriental Christmas bazaar a young and very small English teacher was so impressed with a lovely blue negligee that, even though afraid of being too extravagant, she felt forced to purchase it. Chitter Chatter waxed voluble on the subject, saying, "Fiend said 'buy it, buy it,' but Conscience replied, 'budge not'! The hopeless typesetter set, "Conscience replied, 'bulge not'!" Just imagine this petite instructor bulging! I went into seclusion for a week, preferring to walk four flights of stairs at every trip to classes, work, and meals, rather than run the risk of meeting the victim on the elevator.



Occasionally I was circulation manager pro tem. Considering the "direct from producer to consumer" plan the most expedient, I handed the papers to the students as they came from the dining room. "Many thanks, old dear," the flappers said. "Ta-ta," said the freshman. I answered many "not at alls, you're quite welcomes, and don't mention its." A chic young miss reached for her paper. "Merci, beaucoup," she said. "Pas de quoi," I replied, with a slight shrug and great satisfaction. Another damsel came by with a "Muchas gracias." "No hay de que," I told her, secretly complimenting myself on my linguistic accomplishments. However, pride was destined for a fall. The last student trailed out. She got her paper, and in return offered me a "Donke, schon," which left me completely nonplused. "Bitte" then, was beyond me.

An unforeseen turn which my editorship has taken has been in forming an intimacy with the college night watch-

man. I now strongly suspect him of waiting in a certain spot in the front hall until our little nightly interview is over. Often, be the hour twelve or two a. m., I meet the editor of the annual, who has come down to put her copy out. "Us editors have a time, don't we?" Mr. Golden will offer us by way of conversation. "Um-huh," I answer, scribbling the last directions on the Watchtower copy. "Did you ever meet my sister-in-law that lives on St. Simons?" he continues. "Don't b'lieve so," I answer briefly, still writing. "Well, I think it's gonna rain tonight," he volunteers, as he shuffles off to see that all is peaceful and quiet.

This experience might be called "Life's Darkest Moment" on Wednesday, and "The Thrill That Comes Once In a Lifetime," on Thursday. For on Wednesday comes the proofreading and make-up, and Thursday, the finished paper. The hairbreadth escapes come on Wednesday. Once, after every piece of type had been put in, a picture of the college president taken in his youth resurrected to fill up space, and personals inserted left from three weeks before, there were still yawning spaces on every page. "Mr. Sires," I wailed, "what shall I do?" "Well," he answered, "I guess I'll have to 'bump it out' this time" (which means to put in leads to make spaces between lines of type). He added, "You better not tell Miss Garner about 'bumping it out.' I don't think she likes the expression." But "bump it out" he did. The news was spread out so thin that week that the Watchtower looked like a Mercer Cluster.

It is satisfying, but surprisingly infrequent, when favorable comments are made on an issue. But even unfavorable comments are appreciated, because it shows that at least people are reading the paper. But, however rare, the greatest reward is that old 'feeling within' if the paper is good. A feeling of self-content settles over me if I get a story in at the last minute, and one of self-contempt if I let it slip me.

The greatest thrill comes in going down to the dirty little printing office located on a back street away from the noises of the busiest part of town. Like a breath out of some Dickens novel is a visit to this shop. Printers are a distinct type of people about whom volumes could be written, and Mr. Sires, the one to whom the Watchtower is entrusted, has contributed much to my general education. The most fascinating part of the work is done at the shop, where the creative instinct is allowed a little play.

Next year's editor has been elected. I envy her, I pity her, I hate her, I love her.

Tom Protests

BY CARROLL BOYD

THE echoes of the lawyer's rumbling voice rolled around like thunder among the heavy silences of the great gloomy library. The reading of the will was finished. The crackling of paper. A cough, and silence ensued again.



Beating rain pelted the windows outside and splashed on the leaded panes, shutting out the last lemon-colored rays of the darkening winter afternoon.

Inside the library of the late Thomas Thackston, Tom's eyes wandered among the shadows at the far end of the room to the small group huddled there: a gaunt, brown woman with eyeglasses and high-topped button shoes sat upright in the corner among the books. She peered from the depths of her carved oak chair, hands almost clenched, as if she were waiting for a mouse to scamper across the carpet. Nearby sat a rabbit-like little person with molasses-colored hair and a scratchy white uniform. Marjorie's aunt, and the nurse who had attended his father in his last illness, Tom supposed.

Between them both and a little in front, as if well flanked by her bodyguard, sat Marjorie herself. Her dark hair sprang out in contrast with the Chinese red halo of the cushion behind her drooping head. Her brown eyes were bloodshot, her pale cheeks were tear-stained and swollen with grief. The determined line of her dark lips betrayed the effort with which she maintained her composure.

Tom suppressed a desire to laugh out loud.

Why had he come on this wild goose chase? Did he expect to be mentioned in his father's will? A father who had gone through his mother's money and then left her, because he knew she would give him his freedom if he asked it. A man who had gone on gambling at this thing and at that till finally he had won, and later married another woman in another state, a widow with a child, forgetting his wife and his own small son down in Carolina.

And this Marjorie was that other woman's daughter. He thought she was still almost a child as she sat before him, she looked so young and incompetent. So inexperienced.

Her loneliness almost touched him. Not many years ago he had been left alone, too. He half wished there were something he could do.

But again a half sarcastic smile played about his long young face. He guessed about the only thing she'd like him to do for her now would be to kiss her hand and assure her that he was not going to dispute the will and recover what was his legal heritage. Well, he was going to tell her nothing of the kind. In fact, he was going to take it through the last court of the land, if it took that, but she'd find out soon enough anyway.

Then she'd have some reason to arch her back every time she saw him coming her way, and show her claws, as she had a habit of doing ever since he had showed up.

He leaned on the end of the hideous, ornate mantel. His eyes played with the white hands lying limp in her black lap. Strange. Strong, clean hands,

they seemed,—not those of a spoilt child which held tenaciously to the gold that should have comforted the desolation of his own mother's declining years.

The rain splattered on the window panes and spluttered in the dying coals on the hearth.

"If he could only stop staring at me as if he were going to kidnap me!" thought Marjorie, still sensitive from the shock of being the sole heir to a fortune. "I know a couple of million must add to the charm of most any girl in the eyes of some men, even if he does think I'm an inexperienced school girl. I might not bite as easy as he thinks.

"Will he never leave? I bet he tries to 'sister' me before he goes!"

The old lawyer standing before the big fireplace between the opposing forces, as it were, cleared his throat lustily. He could not bear to break the stillness too suddenly in the bleak room.

"Tom, boy," he was saying, "if there's nothing else we can do for the ladies we'd better be getting along."

The guardswomen could think of nothing. The listless girl remained motionless, except when an inward sob seemed to make her quiver. No, Tom fancied that enough had been done for one afternoon, too, if two million dollars were not to be sneezed at. But let them just wait a little while: they'd see.

The two men plunged from the dark chilliness of the atmosphere within out into the fresh, cold wetness of the night.

Suddenly Tom was aware of a distinct feeling of relief. Like the shock of a blow, he became conscious of the fact that he was actually glad he hadn't got any of that money. Yes, GLAD.

Then why was it that he was constantly having to check mean little thoughts about that girl back there who had been lucky enough to annex a couple of million to her bank account, if he were not jealous of her?

Slowly he came to his conclusion. He guessed he hadn't forgot those days of his little boyhood which seemed happy enough to him at the time, but which now as he looked back upon them were filled with the want caused by the absence of a father. When he had delivered the freshly laundered, clean-smelling curtains his mother had washed, she had made him take them out the back door so that the neighbors would not have to pity them.

He had loved the sweet, savory odor of the kitchen when his mother had opened the oven doors to draw out the loaves of gold and snow, to grace other tables, but now the sweetness was of the savor of sacrifice.

She had literally worked herself to death to care for her invalid mother and educate her son.

But meanwhile, was the girl to blame, if the father had broken loose and failed to play the game? And was he going to show the same colors? Sure she could have the money!

The old family lawyer mistook the boy's long silence.

"Son," he said, as they strode down the glistening street together, "you know you can protest that will; there's not a chance in the world of you losing the case. Ours is the only state in the Union where divorce is not recognized. You are your father's only legal heir absolutely. She's called illegitimate, you know." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

Tom glared.

"No, thank you! Colonel, I'd rather make my own pocket money. She's a girl; let her have it!"

And if Tom did feel a contempt for the money himself, he somehow was glad that this inexperienced girl was not left alone in the world with nothing or no one to take care of her.

It was a mild Sunday morning that Tom lounged in the hammock under the big trees of his front yard and perused the paper idly. At the front page of the

rotogravure section he stopped short and sat bolt upright.

From the picture before him, Marjorie's dark eyes smiled up at him teasingly, one of the strong little white hands across her throat. Under the picture ran the inscription announcing the engagement of Miss Marjorie Thackston of Meadfield, Va., to Mr. Morgan Ayers of New York City, the marriage to take place early in the summer.

Tom stared. Could this possibly be the same fellow that Colonel had had such a mess with in that Wall Street rumpus last year? If it were that skunk, God help her! groaned Tom.

It was he.

But what affair was it of his? He shrugged his shoulders. She might not even be good enough for him, for all he knew about her.

"Yes," agreed the old Colonel. "He was running after her some when I was there settling up the will. It's her money he's after, I'm afraid." The old man shook his white head.

Like a bull who had seen a red flag flourished before his face, he jumped from his chair.

"Does she know?"

"I said something about it to her and she only became incensed. She didn't appreciate it any."

Feeling somewhat as if he were about to make a ridiculous fool of himself, Tom Thackston boarded the train for Meadville, but every mile of the way he became more and more determined to stop this piece of folly. The girl must be a baby, after all.

What were the mistakes of one generation if the next one had to go through the same ones? How deserving would he be of the sacrifices of his mother if he had it in his power to stop such a mistake as hers had been, and then let the noose slip about this other woman's neck?

He went straight up to the Thackston mansion. As he looked up at its imposing bulk above the street, he remembered his last visit there with a shiver.

This one was to impress him even more deeply. A sport roadster was at the curb—that shyster Ayers' probably. Tom marched up the walk and was about to ring the bell when he noticed someone on the side veranda.

They were too engrossed in their own conversation or thought to notice him, either. Marjorie, in white summer organdy, lounged in the porch swing. The happy little smile on her face quickly gave way to an expression of surprised recognition as she looked up to meet Tom Thackston's keen blue eyes. The smart young man beside her was about thirty. He was perfectly attired in navy blue coat and white flannels. His clothes did not seem to be wrinkled or mussed the least bit, though he was slumped down beside the girl, one arm on the back of the swing. He was so engrossed in toying with the lace of her collar that he did not notice the newcomer.

"How do you do," said Marjorie by way of greeting as Tom approached them, having lost all his embarrassment.

"Good morning," Tom bowed his head as the other man started to his feet in surprise, at once fingering nervously his black bow tie and his small black mustache.

Marjorie was conscious of a strained atmosphere when she introduced them, and she looked from one to the other in embarrassment.

"I'd like to see you alone a little while, if I might, Miss Thackston," said Tom directly, glancing significantly at the other visitor, who seemed to scent something of discomfort in the air.

"Really, Mr. Thackston," said Marjorie, formally, "this is my fiance, and I think he would be interested in any business you might have with me, but—"

Ayers was already fumbling for his hat and making his confused departure, but Marjorie was too perplexed over Tom's sudden appearance to be even

disappointed, though she, too, had vague forebodings.

"Well, what is the matter? What can I do for you?" she questioned, as they watched the green roadster pull away from the curb in its cloud of foul smoke.

"I want you to do nothing for me," began Tom, seating himself opposite her and continuing in an even voice. "But you must leave that man alone."

Stunned with the sheer nerve of the matter-of-fact statement, Marjorie stared at him too blankly to even wonder at his impudence.

A jay-bird outside somewhere filled the noonday stillness with a discordant shriek. Waiting for her to break the silence which was already laden with conflict, Tom watched her draw herself up and consider him with a frigid gaze. Once he thought she was going to sail by him into the house without a reply, but she spoke:

"So this is the point of your friendly little visit?"

"Exactly."

"Then let me inform you that you need not inconvenience yourself to continue further." This time she rose from the swing with dignity, and as she turned toward the door, her eyes and cheeks flaming, she paused, looking back.

"And just what, may I ask, prompted all this filial interest on your part? Or shall I say paternal?"

"Just what prompted my coming," asserted Tom, making no move to detain her, but holding her motionless with the simple sincerity, humility, and the quiet determination of his straightforward gaze, "these are neither time nor circumstances to discuss now, but I can tell you why I have come here to say to you what seems at first only rank folly on my part."

"To say the least!" the girl cut in haughtily.

"Do you think that man would want to marry you if you were penniless?"

"Oh!" screamed the girl, wheeling upon him, as in sudden pain. "What right have you to do this?" Convulsive sobs scorched her breath. "I love him, and he loves me! And we are going to be married!" She stamped her foot for emphasis.

"Nothing can stop us! Nothing, nothing, NOTHING!" she screamed defiantly, anger taking the place of pain.

Tom shook his head regretfully. "Well," he said slowly, reluctantly, "if that's the way you feel about it, I shall have to protest my father's will."

"Protest a thousand wills, and we shall still feel the same." Thus enraged Marjorie flung into the house.

"Poor kid," Tom looked after her as if pleading for forgiveness.

Well, that was that. The blooming will was protested, he had two million dollars in the bank,—and Majorie had nothing but a very healthy hatred for him.

After all, was she right? Had he done the right thing? Had he forced her into marriage now because he had left her penniless?

But no, Morgan was really yellow. He had ditched her. It was after the date set for the wedding when papers ran stories about the young heiress turned school teacher over night. Here and there a photograph of her met his eye and gave him a twinge each time.

Reporters swarmed his office to find what the young bond salesman was going to do, now that he had come into a fortune. To the more curious he said, "None of your business," and to the more courteous he said, "I put it in the bank."

It was spring again. Grateful for the shade of his tall oaks, Tom dropped down in the hammock to mop his hot forehead, and rest in the pleasant shade after one of those grilling first hot days. Saturday at that.

Carelessly he opened his Sunday paper. The news, the markets, even the comics he digested as the afternoon

cooled into dusk. Again the rotogravure section engaged his attention.

Again a happy, dazzling face glued his attention to its contagious smile. In the picture she stood beside a tall, rather good-looking boy, who beamed appropriately at Tom as he read, "Starting out with even the newest college professor as companion is much safer than a million dollars, and much more fun," states Mrs. Winston Owens, formerly Miss Marjorie Thackston of Meadfield, Virginia, and for a while heiress of several million dollars."

Tom gazed long and intently at the brown picture. He tried to look beyond the smiling eyes of the girl whose white brow and throat stood out in such sharp contrast with the darkness of her hair and eyes and mouth. One of her strong little hands was in the clasp of the proud boy, in the other she carried flowers.

When it had grown quite dark, the lone figure arose stiffly from the shade of the trees. "Must tell Colonel Tuck to wire her Monday that the money's in the bank in her maiden name for her, with interest," he muttered, as he aimlessly sauntered up the walk toward the house. The light from the hallway inside made his shadow grow suddenly black and emaciated as he climbed the steps and slowly went into the old empty house.

Yes, it was lonely, said he.



ALUMNAE

Realism and Mary Lillian

By EUNICE THOMSON

The realistic introduction and development of the character of Mary Lillian,—with her brief and enticing visit, and the trail of definite and delightful impressions she leaves behind her,—is an unusual and charming revelation, indeed, to be found on a page entitled "Alumnae Department," but is easily understood when one considers the name of the author who so kindly allows us to share Mary Lillian's personality and practicability.

I knew this issue of the Wesleyan was to be about "visions," but having waited until a time when everything began, as the Mad Hatter complained, to "twinkle" and grow rather unpleasantly visionary (while I was in the hospital, that was), I welcomed realities instead.

Mary Lillian was one of the first real things. She is not-quite-four and chubby, and I was half reclining on the porch, almost-reading when she turned in the walk.

"I am coming to see you! (She was aware of the delight that she was going to give me.)

"And I brought you some flowers."

She plumped something into my lap. It was an ex-wafer can about twelve inches high.

"What lovely flowers!" I cried, remembering how Jane's box of rocks could be a bow and arrow or another person at a moment's notice.

But Mary Lillian is practical and realistic.

"No, they're inside," she corrected, standing on tiptoe to see for herself. "See 'em!"

They were. Something was, surely. We turned the can upside down. A dozen violet leaves and three violets, one stemless, tumbled out.

"I gave two to my daddy. He's sick, you know," she explained. "Do you like 'em?"

She was not surprised that I did. She did herself, immensely.

"Your mama will say, 'where did you get those?' and you will say, 'Mary Lillian gave 'em to me'," she said, as we put them in water.

On the porch again, she drifted into conversation appropriate for a convalescent.

"I was sick one night and the doctor brought me a candy rabbit. And Georgie-boy was sick when he fell off the milk truck. When do you think you'll be well?"

And finally, after we had named over all the people who lived in all the houses as far as we could see, she rose with a sigh.

"Well," she said, "I guess I will go home when you give me a piece of cake."

The way she disposed of it was delightfully realistic. And things didn't "twinkle" so badly after that.

A Dream?

BY MARTHA COOPER

ON the rolling green campus of Wesleyan, two girls strolled with their arms interlocked. Some, heedless of the call "Fore!" sauntered across the golf links toward the artificial lake. Here the Gertrude Ederles swam, or paddled their own canoes, or let them drift at will. Under a pink ruffled parasol a Wesley Anne reclined. Her white hand picked up the water and her brown eyes watched the drops fall. Was it possible? Yes, a masculine figure in white flannels was bending over telling her of the love of Brother Emory. Another canoe with a Mercer representative pleading his case to Blue Eyes drifted by.



The yell, "Rah! Rah! Rah! Sophomores!" almost caused one to overturn. On the top of the hill over the tennis courts floated the class colors. The sophomores were winning the championship game.

Five seniors cantered up on thoroughbred horses. They had been out locating daisy fields for the daisy chain at commencement. Dismounting at the stables, the riders strode over to the ball diamond where the Annes had the Agneses from Decatur down with a score 4 to 1 in the eighth inning. The fans on the bleachers screamed "Slide! Slide!" and Wesleyan slid home on another home run.

However, all the country-college girls are not athletically inclined. Some, dressed in the brightest of colors, crossed the road and entered a modern Pharm. Several collegiate roadsters were parked near the curb, and inside the drug store the same old jazz and the same number of girls and boys. Only Chicken is missing.

A train stopped and some young ladies with Miss Wendell entered the Pharm, singing "Once Upon an Autumn Day," and "Ain't She Neat, Ha, Ha." Some one near the door called out that she heard the 6:15 bell. In a few minutes the building was emptied of girls, leaving behind them upturned chairs and tables.

On the campus the scene was much the same as of old. The cars paraded as the girls stood on the steps of the dining hall building. The Greater Wesleyan Bus drove up and out piled the late comers. After signing in, some rushed to the dormitories, while some sauntered in to dine. Dinner over, the students went in to study. The poor freshmen, to be prisoners for three long hours, now crawled into their dormitories, while some carefree seniors went swimming in the wonderful new pool.

From seven till eleven yellow lights blinked from the ivy-framed windows, but when eleven o'clock chimed from the tower the lights were promptly snapped off. Rest was essential after another day of hard labor at Greater Wesleyan.

Bound



Hovering near the window
Imprisoned by its dusty pane,
A marble cherub peers at me
From out the study 'cross the way.
An artist hand alone could capture
Such wistful longing as I see
Within that marble form.

Longing to touch the amber sun—
Longing to taste the rain—
To spread those alabaster wings
And find where the blue begins—
To perch on the shoulder of God,
And gayly and slyly mock
At the mortalness of things.

Tonight when the light is out,
When darkness folds me in,
I shall slip up to that window
And crouch there—cautiously.
Then quickly I shall leap
And crash into that dusty pane
And set the prisoner free!

—Vivian Pinson.

The Wide, Wide World

By MAUDE McGEHEE

AS she looks out of the window the soft green of the treetops, the primroses nodding in the grass of the campus, and the twilight over all, comes the realization to the senior that the four years are nearly gone, and it is for the last time that spring will find her a student in old Wesleyan's halls.

As these same seniors sang to their sophomore sisters at their banquet:

A few more days and then
Our college years will end,
And friend must part from friend
To go her own sweet way—

"To go her own sweet way"—the words catch the ear and the imagination. The window fades, the campus fades, and in its place is the expanse of the wide, wide world. Its paths lead from her very window—paths along which the girls walked who have gone out from the old halls in former years.

One path is lined with school-houses where maps and desks and books abound. School-houses where roguish faces grin, and chalk and spitballs rain —when teacher has her back turned. Along another path go those who have chosen a business career—stenographers, secretaries, clerks, reporters, editors, saleswomen. They thump typewriters, pore over small notebooks, look over reports—on their way down their path.

Again the senior's attention wanders to another path. Here she finds those who have chosen to be literary—struggling young writers who go their way with ever ready pencil and notebook—poets, would-be novelists, along with those who have already arrived and can smile at the world. Branching into this path is one which is filled with song-writers—some gay, some sad, some moody, some grave.

The path of musicians, the path of those who have chosen the stage, those who have followed the call of art, meet her view.

Still another path, where there is a tiny home with rose-colored lights and the laughter of children. Beyond this is the path of travel, with its ships sailing on blue seas, its pyramids under the Egyptian sun, its towering cities, its ancient ruins, which beckons to the gazer.

Along still another go those who have chosen to aid mankind in his need—doctors and nurses in their uniforms, the familiar rolls of bandages, the odor of ether, an ambulance.

Other paths lead away. Paths of industrial workers, scout workers, red cross workers, dressmakers, designers—the paths are endless, yet each has its attraction.

"Come along with us!" its people call.

And the senior sighs.

"To go her own sweet way!" The words are as magic to her ears. In a week or so, with a diploma in her hand, she will stand on the threshold of the wide, wide world.

The vision fades. The trees on the campus wave in the twilight. The senior turns away from her window and her dreaming. The world is wide. Whither will lead her own sweet way?

The Brown Donkey

By DOROTHY McKAY

THE little brown donkey stood still. His sleek sides were scarred by many falls, his tail was ragged and rusty, his head lowered. He did not appear to be a stubborn beast, but rather a tired one. His dejected eyes gazed steadily at the floor. About him stood interesting things at which he might have looked, but somehow nothing seemed important enough to attract his attention.

They told me, Anne and Leila, as they lovingly patted his cracked side, that he had not moved for three years,—but once, just before his fatal accident, when he had saved the house from burning and them from death. I looked him over admiringly.

"Tell me about it," I said.

One dark November night the brown donkey stood uneasily in his place on the corner of the nursery mantel. The children were asleep and Dad had just that evening, when he came to kiss them good-night, dropped two new shining pennies through the slit in donkey's back. Four small socks and two shirts hung on the fire screen, winking sleepily at the cheery fire.

The whole house grew quiet and donkey was just about to go to sleep himself, feeling drowsy after his generous supper of pennies, when he heard a crackle and smelled something wet burning. Peeping carefully over the mantel edge he was blinded by gray smoke rising from Anne's shirt on the right side of the screen.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sighed donkey, "What shall I do?" Then, lowering his head, he did a brave and noble thing—a thing that only a thoughtful and loving donkey would think of doing. He slid straight off of the mantel, hitting the screen as he fell to the floor. The screw came out of his side as he hit the hearth and pennies bounced all about the floor. The screen fell backward, dropping the burning shirt into the fireplace.

When mother came in the next morning poor donkey was quite unconscious, and a great crack almost halved his left side, but he was smiling wearily, for the rug had not caught afire, and Anne and Leila still slept soundly in their little white white beds.

Dad patched the wounded side and put the screw back into place while Leila collected the scattered pennies. And mother, with much ceremony, put the little brown donkey back in his place on the mantel where he could always keep an eye on the hearth below.

I gazed proudly at the brown donkey and saw that he had a smile on his face and eagerness in his eyes, although he did nothing then but stand still.

Chapel Speakers

By JOSEPHINE HUMPHRIES

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

FROM far and near they come—these chapel speakers,—in a never-ending line. Lawyers, preachers, professors, literary geniuses, newspaper men,—each with his own peculiar message in which he seeks to please and inspire.

In this effort to please we find that all, no matter who or what they are, are much alike. Confident and smiling, they walk forth to the front of the stage. Never have they looked into so many pretty faces! In Wesleyan certainly bloom the most beautiful flowers in the land! (These are invariable comments of those who do not have daughters in the audience and therefore have not been warned beforehand!) Often the speaker has never talked to more than one or two women before, and the sight of so many young ladies intimidates him to the degree that he scarcely knows what to say. However, we are aware of the fact that such hesitation vanishes as the speaker proceeds in his address.

Now, there are two thoughts that might enter our minds on hearing such introductory remarks: a wonder as to how speakers think girls with their faces unpowdered, their hair towsled, and clad in gingham dresses, can look beautiful even as far away as the stage; the second is the wonder as to how beautiful such faces at their best would appear to the speaker.

After this short introduction, the speaker remembers that when he was once a boy off at college he had always wished chapel speakers to be brief and to the point. With this in view, he begins the real speech with jokes and witty remarks at which we laugh heartily, more or less. When less, we look questioningly at the faces of the faculty behind, and strive to act accordingly. Incidentally, let it here be said that the faculty does not always seem to agree on an attitude to assume toward our speakers.

Chapel speakers always realize that young people have many problems, some of which they cite, and then follow with a dissertation upon how to confront them. Wonderful solutions they offer, but how, oh, how can we decide to use which of them on the same problem? Then they say that our opportunities are greater for college students than they have ever been before, and that we should take advantage of them; our responsibilities therefore will be weightier and we need all education possible.

Thus they talk, aiming always to finish at the stroke of eleven-thirty. But how can they when the ones who have introduced them spend fifteen minutes in bestowing worthy compliments, leaving to the speaker only four and a half minutes? We should say that we mind not the speaker who talks twenty minutes overtime, nor those who run chapel only three minutes. But, oh, those who say their last word just as the bell is ringing!

Book Reviews

"BUGLES IN THE NIGHT"

Barry Benefield

"Bugles in the Night," by Barry Benefield, gives evidence of the same incurable romanticism that marked his earlier novel, "The Chicken Wagon Family." Also, like the first, it leaves the reader feeling that the world is a good place to live in after all, and that here is a book that can be recommended and will insure a pleasant evening.

"Bugles in the Night" is simply an old fairy tale, modernized, and come to life in this twentieth century. There is an orphaned heroine, a wicked aunt and uncle, and a fairy god-father who is really just an old Confederate veteran who runs off with the heroine.

". . . he told himself that the half-dozen moments in his memory that he liked oftenest to go back to and stay with longest were splendid incautious moments that somehow had the feel of this one."

"Bugles in the Night" is not a problem book. Its only purpose is amusement. There is no villain, no character introduced with whom the author and reader are not in constant sympathy. Yet it is not a thing of milk and water. There is food for real thought and a record of homely philosophy between its two covers.

The author has a very vivid narrative style and why he should lapse into the use of the present tense in certain of the chapters is hard to understand.

A few of these were supposed to have been extracts from the log of the Lame Duck, as the old scow was called, as kept by Captain Wheatly.

Mr. Benefield's story is beautifully told, romantically enough to make a dump yard seem the ideal setting for a love story, and realistically enough to make an almost impossible plot seem plausible.

—Dorothy Blackman

REEDS AND MUD

Vincente Blasco Ibanez

"Reeds and Mud," by Vincente Blasco Ibanez, and recently translated, is a moving story of a crafty woman's insatiable lust for money and the ruin it brought to others. It is laid in a Spanish fishing village in the marsh country near Valencia. Here Tio Paloma, ancient fisherman and best marksman in the country, fishes for eels and hunts for game amid the reeds and mud. He is thoroughly disgusted with his son, Tio Tono, who refuses to be a fisherman as his ancestors have and works stolidly with La Borda, an adopted orphan, on a wild plan of filling up a marsh with land to make him rice fields. The grandson ruins the prestige of his family in his affair with Neleta, a native woman. When he is completely broken and commits suicide, his father buries him in his new rice field and La Borda weeps over the body of her secret love.

Perhaps the best feature of this most interesting novel is the beginning. A more clever idea would be hard to find. The daily passenger boat is leaving Palmar, the village, for Valencia, and as it glides along on the way the passengers cry and shout at the main characters of the book, as they pass them at their various tasks along the canal. In these first few pages, the author forcefully impresses the reader with his setting, gives him a clear picture of the characters, and thus catches his immediate interest.

In the many fine descriptions in the book, Ibanez even exceeds his usual standard of excellence. Although the filth and dirt of the village and inhabitants are most repulsive, still the very fact that the reader is so stirred by it as to instinctively shrink at some passages proves the author's power. The pictures of the various festival days, the crowds, the marshes, the boats, the fish, and the rice fields are especially vivid

and colorful. Indeed, all the descriptions are most realistic, and stir the imagination.

The characters are very human and are so subtly drawn and so well developed that the reader feels that they have really lived. The boy, Tonet, and Neleta, are, of course, the strongest characters, but the old man, Tio Paloma, is very outstanding, and makes a lasting impression on the reader's mind. The author evidently feels a great sympathy for the desperate condition of these people's existence, and is thoroughly familiar with them, their habits, customs and country. One sees immediately that Ibanez has intimately known people of this same class.

The book is written in a clear, simple style, and the motivation is very good. The author has included much description and exposition that to many will seem dry and uninteresting, but to others, like myself, these enhance this beautiful story of a powerful love and a more powerful greed in the midst of the drab and sordid life of a picturesque Spanish village amid the reeds and mud.

—Eleanor McDonald

"CASTE"

Cosmo Hamilton

An alarmingly modern and a charmingly English story, "Caste," by Cosmo Hamilton, presents, disguised in the most lovable characters, the timely and thought-provoking problem of racial prejudice and its price in America; and that of the loveless "mismarriage" of the American aristocracy. The latter is the one in which the author is chiefly concerned and which he is in the process of settling throughout the book, keeping the attention of the reader meanwhile on the counterplot of youth and racial barriers.

So fascinated is the reader in the delicately, yet vividly drawn characters of the novel, that he scarcely stops to think of the author's aim until he comes suddenly to the last page, upon reading which he realizes that following the characters has led him into the solution of the plot he had forgotten to trace, the end of the subordinate thread leaving him too breathless and bewildered to know whether it has ended "right" or not. Then he starts thinking, and the truth dawns upon him.

He sees that Mr. Hamilton is using the freedom of the youthful daughter of the leading character, Erskine Dalbeattie Farquhar, a titled English-American millionaire, with breeding as well as financial ease, and his wife, also a thoroughbred as well as an irreproachably charming and discriminating modern society woman, to make them realize that they actually love each other. Having married at the urge of their wealthy and aristocratic parents, they had never been moved by any sentiment that suggested the fact that they were husband and wife and had lived apart. Jean, their winsome and indifferently wayward daughter, having grown inexplicably restless, goes to visit her relations in England, where she falls in love with a Jewish pianist in London. Having agreed that they will center all their attention upon the happiness of their daughter, they unite to interfere in Jean's affair with Max Lorbenstein. When the Jew's father at last consents to the marriage, after great maneuverings on both sides, at the last moment Max, influenced by friends, resolves that he can show the greatest love for Jean by sparing her what she would suffer later by this marriage, which had aroused national indignation.

Evidently, then, the reader concludes, modern youth, as exemplified by Jean, who turns at the last to ask the advice of her parents and seek their help for the first time, and in Max, who yields to tradition and to convention at the cost of his love,—evidently modern youth is not as untrammeled as it gives the impression of being, and is pitiable in the frustration of its naive display

of freedom and frankness. More evidently still, however, and more laudable, is the revelation of the truth that through mutual interest in offspring, however rampant, parents in the most cultivated state of separation, of the most diverging interests, the greatest disregard for sentiment and faith in the marital tie, are brought together naturally through the combination of interest and efforts in a crisis that involves the happiness and future of their child. Helen Farquhar and her husband, without realizing it, turned out to be the very type of parents needed for their type of daughter, thinking themselves helpless, yet sacrificing the pleasures of their respective lives to insure hers. In spite of their wishes, when it came to a question of her happiness and the preservation of conventions, they chose the former.

Each character that is drawn is admirable. Especially is Erskine Farquhar a study, in his change from the independent and self-satisfied gentleman, or rather, nobleman, of leisure, to the admiring and later loving husband of his remarkable wife, and to a companionable and recognized father of the indifferent Jean. The culture, the charm, the brilliance, the spirit of "noblesse oblige," the inconspicuous "modernness" of these delightful people, set forth in the essentially English and the informal, captivating style of Mr. Hamilton, make the book a treasure to the lover of the new novel of the moderns and their problems.

—Lillian Shearouse



Bargains

BY DOROTHY McKAY

"Bargain Sale!
Slightly Soiled Articles
at Half Price."

MARGARET Deening, coffee cup in hand, rolled the honeyed words off her rapidly moving tongue and paused to feel the due appreciation of her family.

"Aw, mother, can't you read anything but bargain advertisements?" Young Al. Deening asked as he jerked his chair away from the breakfast table and, lighting a cigarette, sauntered over to the window.

Margaret lowered the paper in hurt surprise. "Why, Al., dear, I was only thinking of the money I might save by picking up these excellent curtains and linens at half price. Where would we be today if I had not been so gifted in the ability to buy wonderful values? Why, when I was young—"

"Yes, Margaret, yes, yes," Albert Sr. hastened to agree with his wife before she could launch into the well-known story of their early struggles and her ability to make bargain materials appear as good as new.

"Well," continued Margaret, folding the paper with a decided air of resignation. "You just do not appreciate the time and energy I have spent going from bargain counter to bargain counter, trying to save a few dollars so that you can have a lovely home without too much expense on Albert. And I really—"

Young Al. turned from his contemplation of the street. "But we don't need to save so now, do we, Dad?"

Albert looked up, startled, from his earnest scrutiny of the stock market page. "What, son?" he managed to inquire, for a moment appearing even more stooped and gray than his fifty years entitled him. Then, realizing what his son had asked, he muttered a hasty "Yes, yes" and disappeared behind his paper.

The entrance of the maid at this moment put an end to the discussion for a time while the table was being cleared.

Albert Deening, Sr., folded his paper, and stuffing it into his baggy gray pocket, slowly pushed back his chair and got to his feet. "Have you heard from Phillis, Margaret?" he inquired.

"Phillis! Yes." Margaret sighed with motherly concern. "The dear girl thinks she is unhappy. These young married people always do have a spat or two the first two or three months. Thomas is—"

Al. flipped his cigarette stub into the open fireplace. "Tom is a young rascal, I think."

"Thomas is a perfect gentleman, I am sure," Margaret turned upon her son. "I chose Thomas as the ideal husband for Phillis, and I am sure the two foolish young things are just having a little squabble." Al. turned away again, knowing argument to be useless.

Mr. Deening crossed the room, gave his wife a quick peck on the forehead, and started toward the door.

Margaret turned her large body as her husband quietly eased out of the room. "Albert!" the word sprang forth like a command.

"Yes, dear," the careworn face of the husband attempted a smile, failing to produce more than a sickly grin as the customary attitude of waiting settled over it.

Margaret twisted herself a bit further around so that she could look into the face of the waiting man. "May I have some money, dear?" the tones became almost girlish and tuneful in their pleading.

A look of real fear leapt into Albert's eyes, which fact Margaret, too busy planning the purchases of the day, failed to see. "But the hundred I gave you

yester—" real agony accompanied the faltering words.

Margaret, used to a husband who needed forceful persuasion, arose, "But, Albert, dear, I bought the new parlor rug yesterday morning, you know, the real price was three hundred, but because one edge was slightly frayed, Brown's, at a considerable loss—" she paused for no periods, but dashed right on, "but I really need some this—"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Deening agreed, knowing the flow of argument that would meet his protest. "How much, dear?"

Margaret, prepared for future speech, was surprised at the sudden acquiescence. "Can you make it two hundred, dear?" the pleading returned.

Silently the gray man turned back to the table, and with slightly shaking hand, wrote a check for the amount and as silently left the room.

Young Al. made no move to follow his father.

"Aren't you going to the office today, son?" Margaret insisted upon denoting the counting room in which Al. was employed at fifteen dollars a week under the name of office.

Al. continued to stare out of the window.

"Albert!" again the word burst forth, though with more tenderness than when it addressed the elder.

"Aw, shucks, mother, what's the use. Counting room's no place for me. How can I write down numbers when my mind's whirling with all sorts of big ideas?" Another cigarette replaced the one he crunched into the ash tray on the window sill.

"Well, dear, have they fired you?"

"Nope—left of my own accord."

Margaret walked to the door, carrying her robustness with a certain dignity. "Will you stay home today then, son?"

Al. lazily sprawled into a chair, and, swinging his left arm nonchalantly, puffed a ring of gray smoke into the air. "Guess I'll go down and join the boys for a game or two," he drawled.

Margaret smiled tenderly, thinking that her tall, twenty-four-year-old son resembled her side of the family, and was in reality a great deal like her. "All right, dear," she agreed, as she passed from the room, her mind already upon the joy in store for her that morning.

Mrs. Thomas J. Farrington, who three months before had been merely Phillis Deening, faced her sullen husband across the breakfast table. Her permanently waved blonde hair had not been combed, nor had her face, hardened by many applications of cosmetics, been "made" for the day. She sat, clad in a jade green kimono, frowning sulkily at the equally unkempt Thomas.

"What kick you got coming I'd like ter know?" the man growled.

The girl's lips quivered. "But, Tom, you haven't taken me any place in a week."

"You went out last night, didn't you?"

"Yea, but not with you. You don't care anything about me at all."

"Well, I never said I did, did I? You said you'd marry me. You didn't hafter, did you?" he crumbled the cold biscuit into his plate.

"Then you did just marry me so's to live off of Dad's money?"

The dark head jerked back. "Who said that?" he snarled.

"Everybody's been saying it, but I wouldn't believe 'em. But now—." Tears glistened in the weak hazel eyes. "But now I know it's so. You haven't paid me any mind since we came here. It was just my money you wanted—not me. And I believed you wanted—"

"Aw, shut up, Phil, you're just tired this morning." Tom saw the easy living he had married for taking wings.

"I won't shut up! I've been shut up for three months and I'm tired of it! I say I'm tired," the hysterical girl buried her head in her arms and sobbed convulsively.

Her husband looked at her a moment, then, rising, left the room without an-

other word. A few moments later Phillis heard the front door slam, and with the noise of the departing footsteps seemed to depart the tears of the girl. She sprang up from the table, realizing that Tom had not even cared if she did know he did not love her, and dashed into her bedroom.

For a few moments the entire apartment was a whirl of clothes, bags, and hurrying woman. Then Phillis stepped again into the dining room, neatly dressed for travel, her face skillfully "made," her emotions under control, her bags packed. She did not pause to even glance at the dirty dishes, but strode with renewed vigor across the room, into the hall, slamming the front door as she went.

Albert Deening, Sr., regarded his accounts and inwardly shuddered. The stock ticker stood near his desk, and through his shriveled fingers moved the ever creeping white ribbon, carrying its numerical tale. The gray head bent closer in scrutiny. The telephone buzzed drearily and the hands dropped the ribbon, leaving the eyes alone to keep account.

"Hello?" Mr. Deening inquired. "Yes, Deening speaking. I cannot say, Mrs. Meadfield," the voice almost choked, "but I think it is going up. Surely, Madame, Westing has never failed yet. I would advise twenty thousand more at once. What—you are coming down! I shall have the—accounts—ready. Yes—" the trembling hand replaced the receiver.

"My God!" The thin eyelids closed over the staring eyes. The ribbon fell from his lap. The ticker clicked steadily on.

The man sat dazed, immovable, his hands clasped nervously before him. A sharp rap sounded on the door. He seemed not to hear, but sat hunched forward.

"Mr. Deening, sir," the secretary peered in.

Albert opened his eyes slowly. "Yes?" he inquired in a whisper.

"Mr. Boundlane just called and said he wished a written statement of his accounts this afternoon. And Mr. Josephs asked for a conference at three. Shall I tell him yes, sir?"

"Yes," the broker nodded dully, and the secretary disappeared.

"Boundlane! Josephs! Mrs. Meadfield! What does it mean? Do they suspect?" Aimlessly he fingered the picture of Margaret, smiling and happy, as it bowed to him out of an old gold frame, the corner of which had been bent before it became of bargain value.

Slowly the stooped man pushed back his chair, and steadying himself on the edge of the desk, rocked toward the safe on the wall. From a mass of papers, through which he hurriedly glanced, he selected three, which he carried back to the desk with him. With trembling fingers he pulled the rubber band off of the top paper, and settled down into his chair to read it.

Column after column of closely and carefully placed figures filled the sheet. The total at the bottom of the page ran far into the hundred thousands. Albert, somewhat calmed, drew from his desk a small black leather book, and opening it began to compare its figures with the others.

With an eager, yet frantic grasp, he clutched an ink eraser and began rubbing at the black column of figures on the paper. With neat preciseness he changed a seven to a four and removed the one before a twelve thousand. After several such alterations he erased the total and began counting the new figures. As he reached over to redip his pen in the ink stand his cuff caught the edge of Margaret's picture and it fell, turning over the ink bottle. The entire right corner at the bottom of the page, on which he had been working, was covered, the figures no longer readable.

Albert gasped, his fingers dripping with ink. The evidence which could have spoken against him was gone, but the clever substitution was also marred

and the neat row of figures had become a black smear.

"A smear!" Albert whispered the words as the true revelation of the deed dawned upon him. He could never explain such an accident. They were coming! Coming! Coming! Coming for an explanation, and he had none to offer. Coming! Coming! Coming to him demanding their money, and he had none to give.

The phone rang. Suppose it was the police! Suppose it was another client! Suppose! Suppose! the word was driving him crazy.

Crying out in fear the man sprang to his feet. Realizing the cry he had made might be heard, he clapped his palm to his mouth, and ran out of the door of his private office, hatless, coatless, disheveled, and frantic, desiring only to get home before "they got him."

"Hi, there, kid," Mike welcomed Young Al. as he thrust open the door to the basement and slouched into the gray, smoke-filled room.

"Hi, yourself, Mike; how's things?" Al. cocked his hat over one eye and leaned lazily against the damp wall.

Mike chewed his cigar stub in silence a moment. "Not so many playing today. Need ye to cheer 'em up some, I guess."

Al. grinned proudly. "Guess I'm ready myself, huh?" and he joined the group of shirt-sleeved men about the table in the center of the room.

"Want er hand?" one of the group inquired.

"Sure thing."

"Fall in." The chairs hitched about enough to leave space for another chair, and Al. took his place in the game.

Toward noon several of the men retire, leaving beside Al. and Mike, who never played, only a small dried-up man and a big Irishman. The Irishman was losing. The cards flipped silently and swiftly. The small man was dealing. Suddenly the Irishman caught the dealer's hand.

"You're stacking, begorra!"

"What!" snarled the dealer, as he lunged toward the Irishman.

Al. sprang to his feet in amazement. The two men rolled and plunged about the room, the Irishman hitting wildly, the little man almost trampled under foot. Then, suddenly, a knife flashed, the Irishman staggered, a spurt of blood burst from his throat, and the small man disappeared out of the door, leaving Mike, crouched behind the table, the wounded man gasping, and Al. frozen to his place by the window.

"Anything else?" the weary tones of the tired clerk inquired, as she handed Margaret a neatly wrapped package.

Margaret stood rubbing the corner of a table cover between her thumb and second finger. The material did seem of such excellent quality, and even though it was soiled a complete soaking in salt water would restore it to its ordinary creaminess.

"How much is this?"

"Ten dollars; with the napkins and runner to match, twenty."

"Well, I'll take that, too, then." She really did need it, and there was no use in buying the cover without the others to match.

"Is that all?"

"Yes—No—Where are the draperies you advertised?"

"On the second floor."

Margaret gathered up her dozen packages and pushed her way through the pack of eager, grabbing women who crowded about the bargain counter. After changing the arrangement of the bundles several times, and stopping to rest twice, she arrived on the second floor, and seeing a swarm of women waving colored cloth about, made way toward them, eager on the scent of a bargain.

The red, figured velvet, trimmed in dull gold, would make just the draperies she needed for the parlor, and such a saving—only seventy dollars for the

six, when they were originally a hundred and fifty. Albert would be so pleased when she told him how much she had saved.

The draperies were wrapped and paid for, and Margaret safely on her way through the store, when a large red sign attracted her attention:

BARGAINS! DRESSES!
Going at Cost!

The temptation was too much for her, so staggering beneath her load, she plunged into the mass of dress seekers. Being without sufficient funds, she had four of them sent out C.O.D. One of the light ones would be so nice for Phillis, and the others were just the things she needed. Then, happy and exhausted, she turned her purchases over to the chauffeur, climbed painfully into the car, and drove home.

After blocks of crowded traffic, and therefore slow moving, the long, hedge-bordered driveway of her own home appeared before them. As the car turned into the white drive, a taxicab dashed by it and stopped in front of the door. A small figure stepped from the taxi, several bags followed, and the taxi drove away.

"Phillis!" Margaret spilled from the back of the car, scattering bundles everywhere.

"Mother!" the girl came hurriedly to the assistance of Mrs. Deening.

The two of them gathered the bundles together and, followed by the chauffeur carrying the bags, went into the house.

Al. leaned over his father, as he lay stretched out on the couch.

"Dad," the boy shook him gently.

Albert Deening did not move. The only moving thing about him was a small trickle of blood which came from the wound in his forehead.

"Dad!" Al. shook him fiercely, afraid to realize the truth.

The front door slammed. Voices, one high and shrill, the other low and insistent, drifted through the open door.

"But, mother, I can't stand it. I'll get a divorce."

"Nonsense, Phillis, dear; you'll get over this."

Al. started toward the sitting-room door, fear, disgust, curses, in his heart.

"Mother!" he called gruffly.

"Is that you, Al.?" Margaret appeared at the door, arms ladened. "See the wonderful bargains I have!"

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Exchange

Goucher Kalends—Goucher College

The spring issue of **Kalends** is unusually good. It is a well-balanced magazine, containing short stories, poems, book reports, and other material. Several are worthy of honorable mention.

"The Princess' Hair," a fairy tale, is a very unusual short story. The author of this has combined our "fairy tale" style and our modern style of writing very cleverly. And again we are intrigued as in our childhood by fairies.

Another outstanding article is "On Chinese Leisure." In this little bit of a story Dorothy Cook gives us her philosophy of life in an abstract, but very effective way. It is a very entertaining and delightful bit of work.

In several of the sketches the writers show flashes of stylistic genius and rich, fluent phraseology.

The Carolina Magazine—University of North Carolina

There are several good articles in the spring issue of **The Carolina Magazine.**

"A Certain Woman in a Shamrock Garden," by the editor of this magazine, is very interesting, but some readers will never be able quite to dismiss the idea that it is a bit sacrilegious. So in a way, it will be spoiled for them. But, judging it from an unprejudiced point of view, we think it quite good.

We especially liked "Moravian Litany," by W. W. Anderson. One cannot but revel in the originality and effectiveness of his style.

The Sonnet by J. K. Mooney is beautiful.

The Chimes—Shorter College

The March issue of **The Chimes** is dedicated to the late Mr. J. P. Cooper, president of the Board of Trustees.

From a literary standpoint, there are no outstanding articles in this number. The poetry is rotten, and the trite plots of the short stories are developed rather amateurishly.

The Concept—Converse College

In the new issue of this magazine we like the poetry best. Several of the poems are very good; however, the majority are developed and expressed somewhat awkwardly. We would like to quote Isobel Smith's "Mountains" for the pleasure of our readers. It is indeed worth reading.

MOUNTAINS

"This is a ghastly world," I said—
"I long to die."
Then suddenly, I felt ashamed,
And wondered why—
I'd only glimpsed some mountain peaks
Against the sky.

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Rambler

One Last Stab

By Old Brutus' Little Nephew

We really feel like our entire efforts ought to be spent in making a farewell address and raving about the banquet and the junior prom and a couple million other people like our little playmate, Dick Halliburton, but then there doesn't happen along a Dr. Snyder every day who just talks for hours for our special benefit. What could have been easier than to take down the points he gave us, than to have him repeat them and say to us, like Dr. Cook, "Now, get this!"

* * *

We guess he knew that we didn't even profess to belong to the Phi Baty Kappy (not a face powder), like Margaret Chapman and all those other **intelligencia,** much less really be in it. We aren't horribly sure that they are, either, in spots. They think so, but we know that's **debunk.**

Goodness! That's already two of the words that Dr. Snyder told us to be sure and use in the next issue of our collitch journal. We thought it was going to be harder than it is to get them all used, and he might think we were not **creative** enough if we failed to get them all in. That would never do! Not for us!

* * *

Now, Dr. Greene, for instance. We don't believe he is so confident of our **sofistication.** He up and asked poor, unsuspecting Fanny Adair the other day who was Dido's husband. That's what we call the **ironic** of fate. We knew just as good as if we had witnessed the wedding that he was Mr. Dido, but Fanny, not being as good in her imagination as she is in her other modes of expression, couldn't think it up.

We might say in connection with our exit from the beloved place in the rear end of this magazine, it hurts us worse than it does you. This is probably the first and only time that this statement has been true when it was uttered.

* * *

To think that our august and humorous successor says right out in cold, black print that we are a hard-boiled predecessor is another thing that hurts us about coming to the end of our row. The thing about that that pains us is that she didn't have the predecessor that we had! Said predecessor's instructions to the budding RAMBLER of this time last year were nightmarishly abbrvted afrs (abbreviated affairs), and the sum and substances of them was to write seven pages of copy which was to be our half of the column, and that she would do the other half. We found out the next day that seven pages of copy would make a whole raft of column more than was needed, allowing for cutting any rotten portions.

* * *

But, anyway, we've heard it rumored that Ling Nyi likes hard-boiled eggs, provided that she doesn't have to negotiate more than a dozen of them at one sitting.

* * *

Hail and farewell, by which we mean
This is the end,
Though it had ort to've bean
Two pages back.

* * *

Stage business: sobs, sniffs and snuffles. They dance to the tune of the molecules. Op. 45.

* * *

(Great emotional crises always bring

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on poetry. The best poetry that a person ever writes, in fact.)

Carroll Boyd Forshort

Post Scrip

We who aspire to write say we enjoy writing. Do not be deceived. It is not true. It is only another one of those sugar-coated fables of the wise old man, Aesop. It certainly is no fun to be condemned by your predecessor, old, wise, and perhaps a little hard-boiled, too, to write "three pages," when you have three lessons to get and the clock is pointing at 11.

* * *

The Chinese maidens are all described in story books as being quiet, meek, and submissive. And being at least the personification of one of the above adjectives, I must ramble tonight, and "three pages" if I possibly could, whether I have that much to ramble or not.

* * *

I saw a new moon tonight, and shining through the delicate green trees, now dark like a silhouette against the sky, it was gorgeous. Just the sort of moon that Dr. Snyder was talking about, I guess, when he exclaimed, "Oh, girls and boys, what will you do without the moon and the stars?"

* * *

I wish to inform one particular young lady that mulberry leaves are a kind of food for the Chinese silkworms, and not for the Chinese people.

* * *

Yours, one of the younger generation of ramblers, and hoping you are the same.

Ling Nyi Vee.

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